

No. 55

# MERRY ENGLAND

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(MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

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# MERRY ENGLAND

*An Illustrated Magazine.*

VOL. X.

*NOVEMBER, 1887—APRIL, 1888.*

JOHN SINKINS,  
43 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

THEY called thee "Merry England" in old time ;  
A happy people won for thee that name,  
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;  
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,  
This face of rural beauty be a mask  
For discontent, and poverty and crime ?  
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?  
Forbid it, Heaven !—that Merry England still  
May be thy rightful name, in prose or rhyme !

—*Wordsworth.*





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CLARE VAUGHAN.

# MERRY ENGLAND

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NOVEMBER, 1887.

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## A Daughter of St. Clare.

RELIGIOUS biography, when its subjects are high in spirituality of character, must necessarily fail in one strong human interest—that of imperfection. When Thackeray said that he liked second-rate books and second-rate women, he expressed candidly a taste common among rather uncommon persons, and a taste of which the many who cherish it are too much ashamed to own. Only once have we met a man, one of delicate literary curiosity in mental things, who also had the audacity to confess that he loved second-rate authors of the first class and first-rate authors of the second class, but that he had no joy in their betters. He had plenty of emotions in reading Shakespeare and George Eliot, but they were all emotions he was eager to deny himself. And he used to accuse himself of liking mediocrity. That accusation was absolutely unjust. An almost enthusiastic love of mediocrity is certainly the most widespread of all forms of taste, but it has nothing to do with that tender mixture of sympathy, self-diffidence, inquiry, and fraternal speculation that make a man who could bear with nothing trivial or vulgar, still choose his second-rate authors of the first class

and his first-rate authors of the second class as the best company for himself. And if this interest in fine imperfection is strong in mental things, it is stronger still in spiritual. For in that world of human experience, the higher does the creature rise, the more does he tend to become selfless, void of the personality that is a group of imperfections, variances, differences, and indifferences. The soul that is learning holiness must not only be emptied out, but must dwindle and grow small, inasmuch as all the half-evil that goes to compose man as we know him is by degrees annihilated. Younger, simpler, slighter—that is surely the progression of the Christian, until, with the favoured and the faithful, there is nothing left but one desire and a little human capacity for receiving the Infinite within narrow bonds of love. This being so, who can say altogether truthfully that religious biography, when it is purely spiritual, is very interesting? Nay, we might find a man with courage to acknowledge that the multitudinous participations of the Infinite Good, mingled and obscure though they may be, which are to be loved and studied in nature and knowledge, letters and arts, and all the animate and inanimate activities of the world, are of incalculably more interest than a narrow glimpse of even the unmingled Good in one little saintly soul. Such a confession would be doubtless charged with unspirituality, and no doubt with justice; but it would not be just to regard it as something sensual. It is a confession not of sensual but of mental fault—of a temper not holy, indeed, but full of thought and of the various interest in good and of the innumerable love of it.

Nevertheless touches, not altogether effaced, of personality are left in the simple recital of such a saintly life as Lady Lovat's biography of Clare Vaughan (Burns and Oates). And in this case it is the very slenderness, as it were, of the natural character that gives it its singular interest. We are shown not a strong nature or an intricate experience absorbed in a great surrender, but a great surrender made by a young, undeveloped, and



restricted nature, by a girl who had lived not only a short but a little life. And we are convinced that her act of religious love was great, out of all proportion with what might have seemed the possibilities of her life. Clare Vaughan, with her charming childish character and her eighteen years, was a wonderful woman, admirable almost beyond the definition of words, so complete was the surrender by which even in this world, she lost herself in the absorbing love of God. Her innocent experience comprised one sorrow, in the loss of her mother, and ten years of the play of a child—all else was religion. And all the religion was happiness and love, transports and ecstatic prayer, varied with the "austerities" that were indeed the signs of "happiness at play." She scourged herself and went barefoot in the cold, but she never knew the shudder of speculative fear, nor the pang for irrevocable sin. Her mental experience recognized no mystery in the creation. She was very sorry for the sin, but she never opened her eyes to the sorrow, of the world. She exclaimed in her delight at the picture which the world presented to her; she declared to God that there were no signs anywhere to be seen of His justice, there was only mercy on earth. She must have seen, indeed, but she never understood, that outside her convent and outside the cloister of her heart there were innumerable poor Clares—poor Clares against their will, obliged to see their little ones fast and go barefoot, with a pang compared with which the penances of the Amiens Convent were trivial. She must have known, but she can never have realized, that the affections which helped to make life hopeful and heaven dear to her are to countless women the source of the intolerable fear of eternal separation. After all, there are only a certain number of the facts of life to be understood by any human heart. Clare Vaughan comprehended extremely few, but Shakespeare comprehended not quite all.

Born in 1843, the future Poor Clare was dedicated by her mother's desires and her own, from her very birth, to the Order

in which she died. Her first childhood was happy and playful, and her mother, whom she tenderly loved, died a holy death, which, to the little girl already living for Heaven, implied but a short estrangement. It was the sweetest and lightest form of the sorrow of bereavement, the most insupportable forms of which are endured by the generations and the nations of mankind age by age. "We hardly dare," says the biographer, "to picture it." This is language to be used rather within the family than in the ears of the world, which is obliged to dare to picture things less tolerable than these. And after this first sorrow came three years of lessons and walks at Boulogne, years which to the child and her brothers and sisters, accustomed to the freedom and sweetness of English country life, seemed very dreary. "Clare never talked of this period of her life without a shudder." She was, in fact, passing through the period of *ennui* very common with young girls, even with those who a little later on learn to take an exaggerated interest in the chances of their lives. Her literary tastes, were, we are told, at this time undeveloped; the process of education was monotonous, and the ardent child was bored. Not long, however, was it before her impassioned piety grew all-absorbing. Piety was the habit of the devoted family which gave four daughters and six sons to the Priesthood and to the Religious life (two of Clare Vaughan's brothers were at this time already ordained), and there was none of that shyness in religious matters that is so usual between near relations. The young girl at fourteen made religion the one topic of her letters, to her own family, and—though that is less wonderful—to her friend: "Dear N., the Blessed Sacrament will teach you everything. Try to let nothing content you but God alone. You were created but to love Him,—give Him then your whole heart. He is so beautiful, so worthy of our wretched love, and yet He asks for our love, for our hearts—and how many refuse Him!"

If it was so in her correspondence, this was equally observable

in her conversation. "When conversation (with her intimate friends) turned on religious topics, her interest kindled, her face glowed, all her mind and heart were in her words, in fact her words could hardly come fast enough to give vent to all the thoughts that seemed to long to find utterance. This was specially the case when she talked of the love of our Lord in remaining for ever with us in the Blessed Sacrament, and of His love for sinners. She was very fond of reading aloud, and was never so happy as when she had got one dear friend in a snug corner, and could then begin one of her favourite books, such as Dalgairns' Book of the Sacred Heart, or Faber's Foot of the Cross, or the Following of Christ, or perhaps some favourite book of poetry. After a time the book used to be dropped, and she would begin in her fervent way talking of the beauty of heaven, the goodness of God, and the joy of giving everything up for His sake. The only thing that ever restrained her or made her suddenly stop short was the fear that she might be thought to be preaching too much: then she used to break off in an agony, half humility and half fun."

Clare Vaughan's biographer thus describes her when the young girls met after a separation, having been playmates in childhood:—

"How well I remember the very room we were sitting in—the time of day—and at last Clare's arrival. When the general excitement had a little subsided, we went up together to show her her room; the room close to mine, where we were to be so happy together. Then for the first time we began to talk, and I to take a good look at her. As she was then I shall remember her all my life—exactly as she stood in her brown dress—a dress which meant nothing, as was the nature of all Clare's gowns, but was merely the simplest of coverings to a body which looked already less body than soul. Clare was then seventeen and a half, that is to say, what is the fashion to call 'out,' launched into society; but nothing could look less like a young lady prepared to take that desperate plunge than the slight girlish figure which I see so plainly before me when I shut my eyes and call back that beloved past. I remember the first impression was, 'how beautiful she is! how much better looking than I



expected to find her!' I suppose it was the flush of excitement of arriving which for a moment gave her ordinarily pale cheeks a slight momentary flush, which added to the lustre of her deep brown eyes. It was indeed a face which nobody having once seen would quickly forget, not on account of the regularity of features, but because of the ever-varying expression which changed a hundred times in the course of a minute, and which lent it a matchless charm, her eyes especially dilating with interest when any deed of heroism was spoken of, or rippling with brightest laughter when anything amused her. There was nothing of the austere devotee about her, her face or expression, any more than in her character. If there was any harshness about her it only displayed itself—or rather was wreaked—upon her own delicate frame, which in her moments of glee she used to amuse herself by calling every sort of ridiculous and abusive name; but to all around she was invariable in her gentleness and charity."

It is keenly touching to learn, *à propos* of this cruelty to her own innocent body, that when she was near her early death in her convent, they could not prevail with her to rest her head on a cushion until they thought of the device of persuading her that she ought to minister to the necessities of Christ suffering in her last illness. She could not refuse that appeal, and she gave her only Love and Lord that little relief in the shattered body that was dying for Him. Lady Lovat describes with very great charm and tenderness the impression she received from this first interview. The one friend had a girl's pleasure in life, the other had passed already into the sanctuary of her vocation. Not only had she no more interest in the world, but she was practising her rapturous prayer, and her corporal penances. With the transparent unreserve that was a notable fruit of the family conditions of her education, she had the habit of praying aloud; and when she tore herself from her warm bed to prostrate herself on her face with her arms extended and lie so in adoration far into the night, her friend was witness of the penance. So when she gathered nettles for a discipline, and walked bare-

foot over new-reaped stubble. The inviolable secret which is between the Creator and every conscience there must have been in the midst of her soul; but there were no outward secrets.

In 1862, Clare Vaughan declared her one wish—that she should be received into the Order of Poor Clares. This simple and inexperienced child faced the idea of the convent without any illusion as to the purpose of her vocation. She was to be happy indeed, but her happiness was to be in her Lord, and to be won not merely by leaving herself but by crushing herself. “I go on purpose that all my senses and every sort of power I possess may be mortified and put down.” It is a large conception and a large resolution for a schoolgirl. Amiens was chosen, because at the convent there the nuns practised the Perpetual Adoration. “Oh! it is too magnificent, too glorious,” is her constant cry. Her father took her to her new and last home. Colonel Vaughan laughed, she afterwards told the nuns, when he saw her equipped for the journey; she had exchanged bonnets with a servant; and when her new companions unpacked her linen, they found it little in quantity and exceedingly common and coarse; that, too, she had exchanged. With her entry into the cloister Lady Lovat’s biography closes, and the Confessor of the Poor Clares tells the story of the nine months of her religious life. They were heroic days, during which the delicate girl subjected herself to all the sufferings that she could grasp at. She endured cold and hunger, the hair shirt, and the discipline. It made her sick to take her turn at washing the dishes. Perhaps readers of Mr. Hamerton’s charming “Artist’s Camp” may remember how unpleasant he found the same task, and how he exhorts the householder in future to give gratitude as well as wages to the patient class which spares him so constant an annoyance and endures it so uncomplainingly. Perhaps those who have chronicled for us Clare Vaughan’s penances have laid a little more stress than it will bear upon this incident of the convent kitchen; and the ceremony of the

lying down of two or three nuns in the doorways for the rest of the community to walk over strikes the outsider as—somewhat ceremonious. But the fragile young novice had harder practices than these. They hastened her early and desired death. A sister had just been called to heaven immediately after her religious profession, and quickly on the heels of Teresa Vaughan trod Clare. Colonel Vaughan wrote urging on the Abbess the possible necessity of releasing his child from her austerities. But it was too late. She had but one fear—that she might be taken from her convent before her death. When the doctor had pronounced her case hopeless, she wrote to her father:—

“I cannot resist writing to tell you with what immense happiness this glorious news has filled me. . . I am in *subdued agonies* for Heaven. . . I will pray so immensely for you when I am in Heaven, and will try to console you, my own darling Papa. . . Though I cannot kiss your beloved face and tell you so a thousand times, there is not one of your children who loves you with such intensity as your most devoted child, Sister Mary Clare.”

Colonel Vaughan saw her once more through the grille. He spoke to her of nothing less happy than the eternity she was approaching. One of her last letters was to another sister, who also died a nun, and whom she tried to comfort beforehand. She prayed that she might have a long and painful death. It wrings the heart to read of it. Nor will we linger here over the last sufferings. The wrecking of the body is a process rather for secrecy than for a detailed recital. None of us who have passed through great physical agony wish to describe it to our friends; and the dead, who did not pass through, but sank, would have had at least a like modesty. Nor is very much said in this sad story of the corporal dissolution. Of the spiritual joy of the angelic nun of eighteen, phrases give but an imperfect idea.



"Her crucifix never left her lips, she kissed it incessantly with inexpressible love and affection. About half-past nine the Mother Abbess asked her how soon she thought she would die.

"'In about two hours,' she said, 'our Lord will come and fetch me.' It was about half-past eleven, whilst the choir were singing the third Nocturn of the glorious Martyrs, SS. Fabian and Sebastian, that her beautiful soul took flight on the wings of divine love for the regions of the heavenly Jerusalem, there to drink deeply of the torrent of delights with which God rewards His chosen ones. A few moments before breathing her last, her countenance suddenly assumed a celestial expression, she took an attitude of profound respect, and made signs to those who were with her to follow her example, saying some words at the same time which they did not understand, and of which they had not presence of mind to ask for an explanation. No doubt, faithful to His promise, our Lord had come to welcome His beloved Spouse, or had deputed, as He has sometimes done with regard to other holy souls, a heavenly ambassador to meet her and take her into His presence."

Clare Vaughan's was a young character, and it befitted her to die young. She had no opportunity for changing her mind on the points as to which it was possible that she should change. She kept her views of this world unaltered. She had made herself secure with her vow, and God made her secure with death.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## The Chapel of the Grail.

O SOMEWHERE in this weary world,  
Unseen of eyes like yours and mine,  
There hides a little secret shrine  
In a green wood all flower-emppearled :  
Shrining the Cup that Christ once kissed,  
The Cup that held the Eucharist.

A chapel very old and hoar  
Open to Heaven's sweet wind and rain :  
The lancet window's jewelled pane  
Spills rose and amethyst on the floor,  
And stains with orient dyes and rare  
The robe of him who kneeleth there.

Joseph this is who, long ago,  
Gave to the Lord a sepulchre.  
Yea, balsam brought and nard and myrrh,  
Gathered from sweetest herbs that grow,  
With silkenest sheets that deft hands spin,  
To shroud the dear slain Body in.

Therefore he hath the sacred trust  
To watch and ward the Holy Grail,  
While the Earth's centuries fade and fail,  
And continents crumble into dust;  
He grows not old in heart and limb  
For angels minister to him.

This Chapel where no pilgrims wend  
Hath, painted in the wall o' the choir,  
Tall sheaves of wheat whose leaping fire  
Endures through Time without an end :  
And yellow wheat and purple fruit  
Are carven round the altar's foot.

Around the porch and window's face  
Ripe grapes in velvet clusters fall,  
The long vines climb the outer wall,  
Making green twilight in the place ;  
And in its jewelled shrine apart  
The red Grail pulses like a heart.

Outside are green and solemn woods,  
And overhead the brooding sky,  
Where joyous song-birds flutter and fly.  
White doves croon in these solitudes,  
And white deer through green arches stray,  
Where hares and squirrels are at play.

Heavy with honey flies the bee,  
The lilies plume their silver wings ;  
All day a little river sings  
Unto its own heart happily ;  
The tall red roses climb the trees ;  
There's sudden music on the breeze.

Sometimes an angel goeth down,  
With faint-flushed cheek and glistening curl,  
Lightly with feet of rose and pearl,  
And the plucked rainbow in his gown,  
Around whose hair the glories play,  
Whose wings are apple-blooms in May.

No mortal man might pass unseen,  
The sentinels of this Paradise,  
Who pace all day with tireless eyes  
And feet the encircling hills of green :  
His angels keep with fiery sword  
The sanctuary of the Lord.

Yet if a child might travel there,  
(Such an one as your Monica,)  
With just such innocent eyes of awe,  
Enaureoled with such amber hair,  
The flaming sword might harmless fall,  
The way lie open at her call.

But now none finds the secret path ;  
Not Galahad nor Sir Percivale,  
Who once beheld the Holy Grail.  
In a grey past as old as death  
These wait and dream beside the throne ;  
And the Lord's secrets are His own.

So in my dream inviolable  
Stand wood and chapel ever and aye,  
A mile away, a world away,  
In Earth or Heaven, who shall tell ?  
Only if one might find that road  
It were perchance the path to God.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



## A Consecrated Life.

THE Right Reverend F. Thomas Dominic Williams, O.P., Bishop of Tiberiopolis *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District of England, belonged to one of those fine old English families of gentry, which were distinguished by their noble and zealous adherence to the faith and patient sufferings in the cause of Christ, during the three hundred years' fierce persecution of the Church in England. His immediate ancestors possessed and resided in the suppressed alien Priory of Benedictine Monks, in the town of Monmouth. The names of his parents do not appear with certainty: his father was probably John Williams, who was at Monmouth Priory in 1686. Nothing is known of that father beyond the fact, that socially and politically he endured the oppression of the penal laws, whereby he was debarred from fulfilling those municipal offices which would have preserved his memory among the leading men of the town. All that can now be gleaned is, that he had at least three sons, of whom the bishop was the eldest, and Benedict was the second; whilst the youngest, Henry, entered the Society of Jesus.

Benedict Williams inherited the property of the family, when his eldest brother chose the religious state as his portion, and received the divinely-promised *place and name, better than sons and daughters, an everlasting name which shall never perish*. In the list of Popish Recusants drawn up by order of the government in 1716, he was entered as "Benedict Williams, gent;" and his real property in Monmouth was valued at £5 11s. In compliance with the Act of Parliament passed in the 1st year of

George I. he registered his lands and rents there, Apr. 15th, 1717, (o.s.), as follows :—

Impis, The old demolish'd priory with the Gardens & out Lett thereunto belonging & a Cottage in Inch Lane, at five pounds p' ann'. item, the Reversion of the priory Ham' Thorpes Meadow and Florence piece, at Ten shillings p' ann'. item the Reversion of two Acres of land and decayed cottages over Mon'ow Leased out to George Scudamore at one pepper corn p' ann'. item a Reserved Rent or Chief Rent of one Shilling p' ann' payable from the dwelling houses of the late John Pennington and William Lane scituate and being in St. Nicholas Street in the town of Monmouth aforesd.

Several years later he sold the priory ; and probably his family became extinct at his death, or at least ceased to be connected with Monmouth.

Thomas Williams was born in the year 1668. Of his earlier days no particulars have been preserved, so that it is impossible to know how he was brought up, and what learning he acquired. Some reasonable conjecture might be formed in the matter, if it could be shown that he was the nephew of Edward Gwillim, or Williams, who became a Dominican at the Convent of Bornhem. Thomas was certainly of Monmouth, "ex perantiquâ apud Cambro-Britannos familiâ oriundus:" Edward, too, was "Cambro-Britannus ex comitatu Monmouth," as the annals of the Convent attest. The latter, born in the year 1643, was educated in the college attached to the Convent of Bornhem ; received the religious habit there, Oct. 28th, 1664 ; and was solemnly professed, Nov. 1st 1665, under the name of *Dominic of the Most Holy Rosary* : was made sub-prior, Sept. 1st, 1673 ; prior, Jan. 21st, 1676, and again in 1679 ; but resigned in Sept., 1681, and went to London, was instituted provincial, Sept. 20th, 1687, and died in office, Sept. 11th, (o.s.), 1688, being then in the 46th year of his age. Thomas Williams might well have been trained in his humanities by such a relative, at Bornhem or London.

The same obscurity which shrouds the early education of Thomas Williams, hangs over his divine call to the ascetic life, and his choice of the Friar-Preachers. Only a strong vocation could have led him to give up his birthright to a younger brother for the sake of a Mendicant Order, the rule and constitutions of which are conspicuous for the intellectual training and strict observance which they prescribe. His motives must be judged by the zeal with which he carried them out during the course of his life, and by the fruits which sprang from his spiritual labours. When he was seventeen years old, he betook himself into the cloister of the English Dominicans at Bornhem, in Flanders; and there, Oct. 30th, 1685, he received the religious habit at the hands of the prior, F. William Collins, and took the name of Dominic, out of devotion to the patriarch and founder of the Order.

The Convent of Holy Cross at Bornhem was then a recent foundation, being established in 1658, by F. Philip Thomas Howard. This scion of the noblest family of England was now "Cardinal of Norfolk," the cardinal-priest, first of S. Cecilia in Trastevere, then of S. Maria sopra Minerva, at Rome, and was holding the important charge of Cardinal Protector of England and Scotland. Just at this time, too, the Dominican Congregation of England (organized in 1622) had been raised again to the rank of a province of the Order, after a suppression of one hundred and forty-six years' duration, by the tyranny of Henry VIII. and his Tudor successors. The Province now contained thirty Religious, of whom twenty-five were priests and clerics, and five were lay-brothers. Of the former, twelve were plunged in the perils of the English missions, six formed the community of the Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Rome, and five made up that of Bornhem, one dwelt at Brussels as the confessor of the English Dominican Sisters; whilst of the clerics pursuing their studies, two were at SS. Giovanni e Paolo, one abode at Naples, and another was in France.



At Bornhem, the staff of religious was so slender, that it was with difficulty the choral and cloistral duties were carried out; and an efficient novitiate could not be organized there. Under such circumstances, Br. Dominic Williams was sent to the great Convent of Flemish Friar-Preachers at Ghent, where regular observance flourished in full integrity. There he passed through the year of trial so satisfactorily, that he was sent back to Bornhem, and on Dec. 5th, 1686, subscribed the solemn vows, which were received by the same Prior, who had clothed him with the habit.

For fifteen months, Br. Dominic Williams was engaged at Bornhem, in preparing for the eight years of study required by the Constitutions of the Order. He was sent, Mar. 9th, 1688, to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where he went through the two years of philosophy, and then the two years *De Locis Theologicis*. From Rome he proceeded to Naples, and in the Collegio Monte di Dio, attached to the famous Convent of S. Maria della Sanità, fulfilled the four years of formal study of the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas: at the end of which he took the lectorate with such applause that he then laid the foundation of his reputation as "*vir præclaris animi dotis ex-cultus*." He received sacerdotal Orders at the canonical age, being ordained priest in 1692, and as he was now fully qualified to teach, he was sent, by the Master-General of the Order, Nov. 26th, 1695, to his Roman Convent.

The Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cœlian Hill was obtained by Cardinal Howard from Pope Clement X., in 1676 for the English Dominicans. The Cardinal laid out 15000 Roman scudi (above £3,200), in restoring the decayed campanile, repairing the dwelling, and adorning the church: and there he established the great house of studies for the English Province. It was well adapted for the formal courses prescribed by the Order; still a great need was felt of shorter studies more suited to the English mission and to its controversial requirements.



This want was fully recognized by Cardinal Howard, and occupied the last thoughts of his life, for by his will, dated Mar. 11th, 1694, three months before his decease, he bequeathed, after many legacies, all the residue of his goods to the purchase of the College of St. Thomas Aquinas belonging to the Walloon Dominicans at Douay, to make a college for the English Dominicans, or if that could not be done, to found such a house in Douay, Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp, or some other city in the Low Countries, where it should seem good to the Provincial of England; and that the college should be given to the Dominicans of Bornhem. After many disappointments and difficulties, the Provincial, F. Edward Bing, fixed on a site in Louvain. A commodious house was purchased in Kraeke St., and became the "College of St. Thomas Aquinas of the English Friar-Preachers," for which the recognition of the University of Louvain was secured. The endowment amounted to no more than 8100 florins, which remained over of the Cardinal's bequest; and on many accounts the house was not well suited for the purposes to which it was converted. F. Dominic Williams was instituted lector of philosophy there, Sept. 15th, 1696, by the Master-General, set out for Belgium towards the end of Oct., and opened the studies.

It was certainly a great tax on the resources of the English Province to maintain three houses, for in finances as well as in numbers it was much straitened, still it was a short-sighted policy which sacrificed the Cœlian Convent, and concentrated all the studies in one house. F. Dominic Williams strongly agitated for the abandonment of Rome, and gaining over the Provincial to his views, unfortunately carried his point, despite the opposition and better counsel of older Fathers. The Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo was surrendered in Nov. 1697, the Fathers being dispatched to Bornhem, and the students to Louvain; but within twenty years, the error was fully acknowledged and deeply lamented.

At Louvain, F. Dominic Williams taught with the greatest applause and success; so he was again appointed lector, Aug. 13th, 1701, by the Master-General. He had, indeed, the honour of being the first regent or rector of the College, which he thoroughly organized. At the instance of the Provincial, F. Ambrose Grymes, the Master-General, Jan. 6th, 1703, conferred on him the degree of *Præsentatus Theologiæ* (B.D.): and Aug. 19, 1704, instituted him rector of the College, for another term of three years, on account of his manifest fitness for the charge. During these three rectorships, F. Dominic Williams wrote and printed three theses for the public defensions of some of his ablest students.

"Theses Theologicæ ex Primâ Parte de Deo ejusque Attributis, Juxta inconcussa tutissimaque dogmata Angelici & Quinti Ecclesiæ Doctoris D. Thomæ Aquinatis, Quas, Præsides F. Dominico Williams, S. Theologiæ Professore Primario, necnon Rectore Collegii Lovaniensis FF. Prædicat. Anglorum, Defendit F. Albertus Lovett, F. Josephus Hansbie ejusdem Ordinis, in Conventu Majori Ord. FF. Prædicatorum, die 30 Julij, horâ 9 ante & 3 post meridiem. Lovanii, Typis Henrici van Overbeke, Anno 1701." in 4to. c. iv. non num.

"Theses Theologicæ de Deo tam ad intra quam ad extra supra creatæ intelligentiæ vires fœcundissimæ, seu de Augustissimis Sacro-sanctæ Trinitatis et Incarnationis Mysteriis, Juxta inconcussa tutissimaque dogmata Angelici & Quinti Ecclesiæ Doctoris D. Thomæ Aquinatis, Quas, Præsides F. Dominico Williams, S. Theologiæ Præsentato, necnon Collegii et Studii FF. Prædicat. Anglorum Rectore, defendet F. Josephus Hansbie ejusd. Ord. Lovanii in Conventu Majori Ord. FF. Prædicatorum, die 6 Augusti, horâ 9 ante meridiem. Lovanii, Typis Henrici van Overbeke, Anno 1703." in 4to. c. vi. non num.

"Thomismus ex Thomistis assertus & contra Novos ejus impugnatores vindicatus, seu Theses Theologicæ de Scientiâ, Voluntate et Providentiâ Dei, Juxta inconcussa tutissimaque dogmata Angelici & Quinti Ecclesiæ Doctoris D. Thomæ Aquinatis, Quas Præsides F. Dominico Williams, S. Theologiæ Præsentato, nec-

non Collegii et Studii FF. Prædicat. Anglorum Rectore, Defendit F. Ambrosius Burgis, ejusd. Ord. Lovanii in Conventu Majori Ord. FF. Prædicatorum, die 12 Maii, horâ 9 ante merid. Lovanii, apud Ægidium Dènique. Anno 1705." in 4to, pp. 18, num.

When the General Chapter of the Order was summoned to meet at Bologna during the Pentecost of 1706, a Congregation of the English Fathers was held at Bornhem, Sept. 17th, 1705, as a Provincial Chapter could not be held in England, on account of the perils of the times; and the Holy See was petitioned to institute F. Dominic Williams, a definitor, and F. Thomas Worthington, his socius or companion, as deputies of the English Province. To this request, the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars gave a favourable answer, April 17th, 1706; but the decree had been so long delayed, that it did not reach Bornhem in time for the two Fathers to journey to Bologna. In the Chapter, which commenced its sittings, May 23rd, an Irish Dominican, F. Patrick Plunket, transacted the English business. The Chapter committed it to the Master-General, to erect, if expedient, the College of Louvain into a house of formal studies; and decorated F. Dominic Williams with the laurea of Master of Sacred Theology, equivalent to the dignity of D.D. The Dominican Order enjoys the rights and privileges of an University, and confers its own degrees.

For some years longer, F. Dominic Williams continued to teach his classes of theology at Louvain; and when his rectorship expired, in 1707, he went on the mission to his relatives at Monmouth. But he was soon recalled to Louvain; during the time that the Provincial, F. Thomas Worthington, dwelt in England, between 1708 and 1712, he was Vicar Provincial for Belgium; and in 1711, was also Rector of the College again. The Master-General instituted him Provincial, Feb. 28th, 1712, the letters-patent of office being read and accepted, April 17th following, at Louvain. As the Provincialship was incompatible



with the Rectorship, he now became Chaplain to Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury, a voluntary exile for the faith, whose usual residence was at Brussels.

After his Provincialship was over, F. Dominic Williams again taught at Louvain. He assisted at the Capitular Congregation of the Fathers, held Aug. 9th, 13th—16th, at Bornhem, when instructions were drawn up for a Procurator-General to transact affairs at the Roman Court. F. Joseph Hansbie, who received the appointment, went to Rome, and stayed there till Aug. 19th of the following year. Among other matters, he submitted to the Master-General, that the Fathers should elect their own Provincial, and that the Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo should be restored to them, as there were now more Religious in the English Province than the Convent of Bornhem and College of Louvain could provide for; or at least the Fathers might be reimbursed for Cardinal Howard's great outlay in repairing and improving the Convent. The Master-General refused to give up altogether the appointment of the Provincial, but consented that the Fathers should nominate three, and he would pay attention to the petition in making the choice; as to the Roman Convent, he considered that any movement in respect to it would be unseasonable.

A General Chapter of the Order was summoned to meet in Rome, at Pentecost, in 1721, in order to elect a new Master-General, and for it F. Dominic Williams was again instituted definator, with F. Joseph Hansbie as his companion and as an elector, March 15th, by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. Accordingly he was present at the Assembly, May 31st, and following days, and obtained important concessions for his Province. It was agreed, that if a Provincial Chapter could not be held "*propter grassantem hæresim*," the Master-General should select the Provincial out of those nominated by the Fathers; the House at Louvain was erected into a College with all graces and privileges: and a dispensation was granted that



priors and prioresses might be elected again after the interval of three instead of six years. But by some oversight, when the *Acta Capituli* were published, it was found that the House at Louvain had been made a college "*pro studiis philosophiæ peragendis*," and not for theology; and the error had to be amended later on. On July 26th, F. Dominic Williams was instituted rector of the College, for the fourth time, by the Master-General. He remained in Rome till Aug. 28th, and then returned to his charge at Louvain.

In 1724, he was elected prior of Bornhem, and quitting the rectorship took up his new post, May 18th, when his patents of office were read before the community. At the end of July following, a Capitular Congregation of the Fathers again met at Bornhem, in which, Aug. 1st, a letter of congratulation was sent to Pope Benedict XIII., who had been just raised from the Dominican cloister to the Chair of Peter. It was also determined again to send a Procurator-General to Rome for the business of the Province, and F. Dominic, Aug. 6th, was chosen for the charge. He was instructed to explain and press the claim to the Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, for now the brightest hopes of success were entertained, as the Supreme Pontiff was personally acquainted with some of the fathers, and was friendly towards them. If the restoration could not be effected, Cardinal Howard's expenses in the foundation might be granted; or, that failing, something at least might be allowed for the four who were still surviving out of six religious, and had to be supported by the poor Province. F. Dominic Williams proceeded to Rome, and whilst he was abiding in the Holy City, the Master-General, F. Augustin Pipia, was raised, Dec. 20th, to the dignity of a cardinal-priest. Another General Chapter was thus rendered necessary to supply the vacant mastership, and was summoned at Bologna during the Pentecost of 1725. In order to supply the English representatives at that assembly, a Capitular Congregation, Feb. 26th, at Bornhem, again chose F. Dominic as definitor, with F.

John Martin as his companion-elect. At the same time, every piece of evidence and information that could be collected was discussed and supplied for backing up the restoration of the Roman Convent. And as F. Joseph Hansbie's term of office had nearly run out, the nominations for the institution of the next Provincial were also made, F. Dominic being chosen in the first place, F. Thomas Worthington in the second, and F. Ambrose Burgis in the third. The Congregation of Bishops and Regulars sanctioned the nomination of the defnitor, and the head of the Order, May 1st, granted his institution.

From Rome, F. Dominic Williams set out for Bologna, there to join F. John Martin. In the journey he met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. As he was passing through a mountainous district, accompanied by a Spanish Dominican, the shaft-horse of the carriage fell, and both the Fathers had to get down, one on each side, to ease the horse in rising. It was a dark night, and F. Dominic did not perceive a deep precipice on his side, at the bottom of which a torrent flowed. Drawing back, to be out of danger of the carriage wheels when the horse got on his legs again, he slipped down the precipice, and rolled over and over among stones and rocks, till at last his chest struck against the trunk of a tree, to which he clung with both hands, hanging over the stream. His lusty shouts brought assistance, and ropes were lowered to him, which he managed to tie round his body, and with much ado, he was drawn up from his perilous situation. He experienced no worse evils from the accident than pain from the blow on his chest, and an injury to one of his shins, which troubled him for a long time, and obliged him, during the Chapter, and for one or two months after, to walk with sticks. The General Chapter assembled, May 19th and continued for many days: and the error of the Chapter of 1721 concerning the College of Louvain was rectified by it being declared a *studium formale pro studiis artium et theologiæ*, and not for philosophy only. F. Dominic Williams remained at

Bologna several weeks, for the cure of his leg; and then returned to Rome to finish the affairs of his Province. He had not met with much encouragement for the restoration of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and in July, accompanied by F. John Martin, he sought an audience with the Pope, and petitioned that at least some compensation might be given. Benedict XIII. received him graciously, but with a kindly hint that he had been the cause of the surrender, put an end to all hope of compensation, though the Convent had been unoccupied since 1697.

In compliance with the nomination of the Fathers of Bornhem, the new Master-General instituted F. Dominic Williams Provincial of England, by patents of July 12th. When F. Stephen M'Egan was consecrated Bishop of Clonmacnoise in Ireland, Sept. 29th, by Benedict XIII. himself, in the secret chapel of the Quirinal Palace, there were present only the chamberlain, the master of ceremonies, the Provincial of England, the Prior of S. Clemente, with four Religious; also F. Vincenzo-Maria de Aragonia, Archbishop of Cosenza in Calabria, and F. Giacinto Gaetano Chiarlia, Bishop of Giovenazzo in Apulia, both Dominicans, who were the assistant Bishops.

Of the four Vicariates into which England was divided by Pope Innocent XI., in 1688, the Northern District included Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, the Bishopric of Durham, and the Isle of Man. The Right Reverend George Witham, bishop of Marcopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, and second Vicar-Apostolic of this district, closed his life, April 16th, 1725 (*o. s.*), at Cliff Hall, in Yorkshire, the residence of his elder brother, John Witham. The loss which the Church in England thus sustained was immediately reported to Rome, and the Apostolic See was petitioned to supply a successor for the vacant Vicariate. When the matter came before the Congregation de Propagandâ Fide, the question was



much discussed, whether it would be best, under existing circumstances, to select a Vicar-Apostolic from the secular or the regular clergy. At last the Propaganda decided that a religious should be preferred. When the report of this determination was carried to Benedict XIII. he said, "I know one of my own Order, who is now in Rome, the Provincial of England, to whom I can very well entrust this charge." The Pope accordingly signified his intention to James Stuart, then resident in Rome, who was styled and treated as James III., king of England, to know if it met with his royal approbation. James wrote in reply that the Provincial of England was known to him, and had served him faithfully in many affairs, so that the choice was very pleasing to him. Thereupon the Sovereign Pontiff summoned F. Dominic Williams before him, and told him that he purposed to consecrate him for the vacant Vicariate. F. Dominic, by whom such a dignity was wholly unexpected, shrank from a charge which an angel might dread, sought to be excused, and tried to enlist James Stuart in favour of his exemption. But he was forced to obey; and the licence and approbation were given by the Master-General of the Order for his promotion. By a Pontifical Brief of Dec. 22nd, 1725, he was appointed Bishop of Tiberiopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, a desolated See in the archiepiscopate of Hieropolis in Phrygia Magna, on the borders of the Black Sea; with the usual licence of residing out of his diocese. On the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of Our Lord (Dec. 30th), 1725, F. Thomas Dominic Williams was consecrated bishop, in the chapel of the Quirinal Palace, by Pope Benedict XIII., assisted by the Archbishop of Cosenza, and the Bishop of Giovenazzo, with twelve ministers, all present being Dominicans, except the master of ceremonies. After the ceremony, the Sovereign Pontiff gave a short exhortation to the new bishop, in which he related that he had lately received letters full of consolation from a German or Hungarian bishop, who said that he had converted seventy thousand to the faith since he had occu-



pied his See ; and concluded with citing the memorable fact related in the life of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop of Neocæsarea, in Pontus, who inquired, on his death-bed, how many infidels there were in his city, and being told, seventeen, exclaimed, "Thank God! that was the number of the faithful when I began my episcopate." With these examples, the Pope exhorted the Bishop of Tiberiopolis to strive strenuously for the propagation of the faith in the district to which he was to be sent. And as a special mark of favour he gave him the mitre used on this occasion. Ever afterwards the bishop regarded that mitre with peculiar esteem, on account of the sanctity of him who had blessed and bestowed it.

The Pope immediately gave the Bishop his Bull of consecration, and ordered that the Brief should be issued conferring authority over the Northern District of England. But difficulties unexpectedly cropped up. Some opponents now appeared, and insinuated to the Propaganda that the endowment for the support of the Vicar-Apostolic had been originally given on condition that a Secular priest should always be selected. But their chief objection lay in the Bishop being a Regular, and they went so far as to declare, that if a Regular were appointed, there would be a disturbance among the people. The authorities of the Propaganda were seriously alarmed, the Brief was delayed, and every effort was made to change the Pope's mind. But Benedict XIII. knew the real state of matters ; for the Benedictines and Fathers of the Society of Jesus had clearly shown him that there were, if not more, at least as many regular as secular clergy on the missions of the Northern District. Although the Propaganda openly declared to his Holiness that they washed their hands of the misfortunes which would result, and should refer them wholly to him, Benedict XIII. remained firm in his intention. Failing with the Pope, the Propaganda had recourse to the Bishop himself, and by their secretary, Sig. Rospoli endeavoured to persuade him to renounce the Vicariate. The

Bishop inquired whether the Propaganda had any personal objection against him. The secretary assured him that on the contrary, the highest character of him had been received, both from the Internuncio at Brussels, and the University of Louvain, and that the only obstacle lay in his being a Regular, to whom the Catholics of his proposed District would not submit. The Bishop replied that it was Propaganda itself which had deliberately preferred a Regular: and as he had been expressly ordained for the Vicariate, it was not for him to make a renunciation, unless it seemed good to the Sovereign Pontiff, especially as the rumours afloat were scanty, and really *trepidaverunt timore, ubi non erat timor*. Again the secretary went to him, and offered him a yearly pension of 800 Roman scudi (170l.) from the Propaganda, and the honourable office of Assistant Bishop at the Apostolic Throne, in exchange for his Vicariate. The Bishop rejected the golden offer with dignity, and declared that if he could not discharge his duties towards his country, he would withdraw into his cloister again. A third time, the secretary resorted to him, and asked if he would exchange the districts, by becoming Coadjutor to Bishop Gifford of London, in place of Bishop Petre, who might be translated to the North of England. He replied that he was prepared to do whatever appeared best to the Sovereign Pontiff. This change, however, was not agreeable to many, as the secretary afterwards acknowledged. The events showed that the fears were entirely imaginary.

After nearly six months' delay, the Brief was issued at the Pope's order, June 7th, 1726, by which the Bishop of Tiberiopolis was constituted Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District of England. In a congregation of the Propaganda, held July 2nd, faculties were supplicated for him, and were granted on the 11th. Having received the Apostolic benediction of Benedict XIII., the Bishop soon left Rome for Paris, carrying with him very strong letters of recommendation from the Pope to Louis XV.

king of France, from Cardinal Polignac to M. Moriaville, secretary of State, from the General of the Jesuits to the king's confessor, and from the Cardinal of the Dataria Apostolica to the Nuncio of Paris, for the purpose of procuring some pension to maintain him.

The Bishop arrived at Paris in September, and was hospitably received by the Dominicans of St. Honorè, in whose convent he wore the habit of his Order. Afterwards he put on secular clothes and resided in the city, and in a short time was sought out, in friendship and benevolence, by Mr. Dunville, an Irish gentleman, who gave him hospitality. The Roman letters were well received, and the Bishop entertained no small hopes of securing the pension. Cardinal Fleury introduced him at court, and explained his affairs to the king, who promised the pension, and the Cardinal entered his name on the list of pensioners. But after a delay of eight months, the Cardinal declared curtly, "*Nous ne sommes point en état.*" In vain the Bishop argued that it was strange to slight the recommendation of the Common Father of the Faithful, when such favours were conceded to others at the instance even of heretics. The hard reply to the application was a great disappointment after such long expectation, especially as considerable expenses had been incurred by the lengthened sojourn in Paris. How it came about was never found out; but it was strongly conjectured that the English ambassador had his hand in the matter. And certain it is, the ambassador said that the pension would be obtained without fail, if application were made to himself. The Bishop would not hear of such an expedient, and sharply rated the friend who told him of it; for he preferred to have nothing at all, to receiving it from such a source. His prudent caution or Jacobite tendencies stopped him from contracting an obligation which might hereafter compromise himself and his flock.

In May, 1727, the Bishop left Paris for Douay, being accompanied by F. Lawrence York, Prior of the English Benedictines.



of that town, who conducted him to his college, and treated him with every kindness. At Rome, the president of the English College there had invited him to receive his hospitality on his way to England, but for some reasons or other, the Bishop did not accept the invitation, although it was now repeated. He remained with the English Benedictines for two or three weeks, and in their house was joined by F. Thomas Worthington, Provincial of the English Dominicans, and by F. Andrew Wynter, confessor of the English Dominican Sisters at Brussels, who was the Bishop's kinsman. During the whole of his sojourn at Douay, he was received everywhere most hospitably, and was honoured with grand entertainments, not only at the English Benedictine College, but also by the Dominicans, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus both Belgian and Scotch, and by the English College of Secular Priests, the English Franciscans, the Belgian Benedictines of St. Vedastus, by the Princess of Enghien who often placed her carriage at his service, and by other inhabitants of the town. He also went to the villas of recreation of the English Secular College and the English Benedictines, accompanied there by the Provincial and F. Andrew Wynter. From Douay the three went to Lille, thence to Courtray, and afterwards to Ghent, where the Bishop had passed his noviciate; and in these three places, they were received with fraternal affection by the Dominicans.

From Ghent they went to Brussels, and lodged in the guest-house of the English Dominican Sisters, in order that the Bishop might transact some necessary business with the Apostolic Nuncio, Archbishop Spinelli; and here the bishop was kindly received by his former patron, the Earl of Ailesbury. F. Andrew Wynter remained in his charge with the Sisters, and the Bishop, with the Provincial, paid a visit to the College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Louvain, of which he had been rector so long. At Louvain, he was frequently entertained by the Irish Dominicans, Irish Franciscans, English Nuns, and other friends. Thence



the two, passing through Brussels (where they were welcomed again by the Earl of Ailesbury) went to Bornhem, and stayed for three or four days in the Convent, visiting friends and neighbours around, among whom were the Count of Bornhem, the prior of the Benedictines, the parish-priests of Bornhem, St. Amandus, Tempsche, and others who all treated them with honour. Bidding a last adieu to Bornhem, the Bishop, with the Provincial, went to Antwerp, and lodged with the Dominicans. Thence he proceeded to Rotterdam, and for three weeks received entertainment from the Dominican Missionaries of the Antwerp Convent, being delayed while waiting for a favourable opportunity of sailing for England. It was now about the beginning of November, and the weather was so tempestuous, that no vessel left the harbour. In Rotterdam, as elsewhere, the travellers experienced great kindness both from the Missionaries and from their friends.

At last a passage was secured in a very good ship, owned and commanded by one Captain Clark, a man of favourable disposition, though a Protestant. In spite of almost continual contrary winds, Tynemouth, in Northumberland, was reached in six days. The Bishop and Provincial spent three days at the house of the captain, who was the landlord of an inn, and whose wife, a Protestant too, was very attentive and obliging. Thence they went on horseback with the captain to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and took up their quarters at an inn, "The Bird in the Bush," which belonged to a cousin of the captain; there they abode for some days. In Newcastle-on-Tyne was a quasi-public Catholic chapel served by a secular priest, Rev. Thomas Gibson, who went to meet his Bishop; and in this chapel the Provincial celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving for the safe voyage. On the opposite side of the Tyne, in the county of Durham, another chapel belonged to the Jesuits, but the priest was then absent. A medical gentleman named King, with whom the Provincial was acquainted, invited both to dinner at his house, and they

availed themselves of his kind hospitality. Then leaving Newcastle-on-Tyne, they took horse to Durham, and put up at the "Half Moon" kept by a Catholic landlord. In that city there were three chapels, two of which belonged to the secular clergy, and one to the Jesuits, and the number of Catholics there was not inconsiderable. The priests here and others from the neighbourhood all hastened to pay their respects to the new Vicar-Apostolic.

RAYMOND PALMER, O.P.

*(To be concluded next month)*

## Frank Leward.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS.

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### *TO THE READER.*

I N presenting these Memorials of my friend to the public, I feel an apology is due from me for having included so many letters of my own. I must request the reader to remember that a great many more have been omitted, and that I have only published those that seemed to me to be necessary to keep up the continuity of the story of his life, or such as might, while closely connected with the story, show the gradual growth of character and opinion in the Editor as well as in others.

Many other letters, from people whose names occur in the following pages, have also, for obvious reasons, chiefly family reasons, been excluded.

I must also beg the indulgent reader not to forget that some of my own letters were written many years ago, and while I was young. I have since seen occasion to modify many of the somewhat confident opinions expressed in some of them.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

THE TEMPLE.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA I hope you are quit well. We got home all right. Arthur was very frightened. It was very cold. I like it to snow Papa and Mama are quit well Mama sends her love. Pleese give my love to Aunt Jane and Kitto. I hope Kitto is quit well. When Mabel comes to see you give her my love. It is my birthday on Wednesday I shall be ten.—  
Your loving grandson FRANK.

P S I miss Kitto very much. I should like to have a poney. It is a very wet day to day. Good bye.

*Mrs. Herbert to Frank.*

THE GLADES, CLAYDON.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I was very glad to receive your nice letter yesterday. I hope you will come to stay with us again next Christmas. Aunt Jane sends her love. Kitto is quite well, and I think he misses you too, there is no one now to ride on his back. Mabel drove over the other day with her Mamma, she told me to send you a kiss. I also send you many kisses and something else as this is your birthday.—Your affectionate grandmother,  
M. J. HERBERT.

Wednesday, May 2, 1832.

*Miss Herbert to Mrs. Leward.*

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, Feb. 3, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER,—We hope the two boys reached you safely. We were so sorry you could not be with us this Christmas, and still more so for the cause, and we pray dear Francis' health will soon improve, and that you will both visit us later on, and bring dear little Arthur with you. The boys were very good



on the whole ; only of course Frank was sometimes rather noisy, Arthur always good and quiet. Do you not think Frank ought to go to a good public school soon ? It is best for boys, especially of his nature, although I know how deeply you would feel it at first ; yet the separation must come sooner or later. Then I am afraid he is rather rough with Arthur. Mamma is better ; she keeps up wonderfully for her age. I am sure Francis must feel this attempt of wicked men to destroy our country and Constitution. With best love to him and to you, dear sister, I am yours very affectionately,

JANE HERBERT.

*P.S.*—We hear Mr. Wilberforce is very ill, but what a consolation to him to see his great work at last completed.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

*May 8, 1833.*

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA I am very much obliged to you for your present I shall often use it. Papa says I must go to school now I am 11. I want to go. I have no one to play with here only Bob Arthur is too small. I was sorry to leave Claydon I should like to come again. Give my best love to Aunt Jane and Mabel and Kitto.—Good bye,

FRANK.

*Same to the same.*

*Monday.*

DEAR GRANDMAMMA Hurrah I am going to Upton on Wednesday to school. Arthur is going in two years he is always crying if I touch him.—Your affectionate grandson

FRANK.

*Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.*

THE SHRUBBERY, *Wednesday, August 3.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I never felt so sad since that saddest day when my dear Father died. My darling boy has gone to

school, and the light and life of my life seems gone too. How we used to scold him, especially Francis, if he made too much noise, and now I would give worlds to hear him romping about the place; it scarcely seems like home to me without him. I know it is foolish but I do so look forward to the holidays and it seems so long before they will come and he is so far away. I feel as if I must rush off and give him one kiss and come away again. When I look at the lock of his hair when he was a baby it is almost too much for me to bear. I have another curl I cut off when he was fast asleep in bed last night.

He had been so full of going away he could talk of nothing else all day long. I broke down dreadfully as the carriage drove off. Francis, although suffering from a severe cold and sore throat, went with him.

We hear the highest accounts of Dr. Pott. Francis is much pleased with what he has heard of him, and we trust our boy will be kindly treated. But there are so many temptations for boys at school.

Good-bye, dear Mamma. It is such a relief to open my heart to you, there is no one I can do so to as I can to you.—Your ever-loving daughter,

MARY.

God bless my darling boy.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

UPTON SCHOOL, November 10, 1833.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA Mamma says I may spend the Christmas holidays at Claydon. I am very glad. She says Papa is ill but she will try to come to Claydon for a short time. How is Kitto. I suppose he is getting old now. Bob will come with Mamma to take care of her. I want to see Bob. I have a lot of friends here now but Jones is my chief friend. I like being at school now. I got a caning yesterday but it wasn't my fault. The Doctor is a beastly old ass. I like Mr. Saunders my master

very much he plays football awfully well. There are more than 300 boys some quite grown up more than six feet high. Thank you for the book. Give my love to Aunt Jane and Mabel.

Your affectionate grandson

FRANK LEWARD.

*Mrs. Leward to Mr. Leward.*

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, *January, 1834.*

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Though I am away from home you are often in my thoughts, and I pray God may soon restore you quite to health again and bless us all as He has done so long. You can imagine my joy at seeing Frank again, he *has* grown such a fine big boy, and looks so well and strong. He likes Upton very much, though I cannot help sometimes feeling a little hurt when I see he will not be sorry to go back. My eyes I know the other day filled with tears when he talked so of going back to school. I am afraid he saw it for I noticed his face flush up, but of course it is natural for him to wish to be with his school friends.

He is most affectionate and kind and full of spirits. We have splendid walks together through the grand old woods and all the dear scenes of my childhood. Frank seems to grow more and more like my dear Father. Mamma notices it, and I often see her sit and gaze at Frank. She is very well and cheerful, and very fond of Frank, although of course he makes some commotion in the old house. The servants, especially Bob, are very fond of him.

We hope to come home in a fortnight, and then I suppose Frank must go off to school again.

Mind you take care of yourself and Arthur. Jane has been rather unwell.—Your very affectionate wife,

MARY.

*Frank to J. Jones.*

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON,  
July, 1834.

MY DEAR JONSEY I'm awfully sorry I havnt answered your letter before. How are you. Its rather slow here now I shant be sorry when we get back. I want my grandmother to let you come there at Christmas we should have awful spree specially if my father isnt there. Mabel is an awfully jolly girl but you musnt tell the fellows about her. My dog Suso is a splendid dog black. Bob says she is the best in the country. Will you get me three yards 3d a yard, and 2 yards three hapence a yard elastic. I will pay you when we go back. My grandmother sent me two half sovs I meant to keep them for next half only I spent most of one out with Bob our man the other day. Perhaps my father will give me some more but I dont know.—Yours affectionately,

F. LEWARD.

P.S. Get some peashooters.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

UPTON SCHOOL, September 7, 1834.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA It was very kind of you to send me the money. I bought a bat with it for 15s. I spent the rest with Jones and another fellow. It is an awfully good bat and drives like anything. I think I shall be in the second eleven next half and Jones. Football will soon be in now. Please tell Mabel not to write to me the fellows make such a row about it. Tell Mabel I have got the picture of her I drew in my desk but the fellows dont know only Jones and he promised not to tell on his honour. Your affectionate grandson

F. LEWARD.

P.S. May Jones come to Claydon at Christmas.



*Mrs. Leward to Frank.*

THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 15, 1834.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am exceedingly pained and annoyed at discovering quite accidentally that you had written to your grandmother, requesting her to invite one of your schoolmates to spend the Christmas holidays at Claydon. No one of any propriety of feeling could have so far transgressed the ordinary rules of politeness which are, or should be, inherent in every gentleman.

Your grandmother is exceedingly kind in inviting you to Claydon; but to venture to suggest that she should ask another, one, too, of whom we know nothing, is to impose on her kindness. Your brother Arthur, though so much younger than you, would, I am convinced, never have committed so gross a breach of good taste and gentlemanly behaviour.

Pray write at once to your good grandmother and express sorrow for your fault. With hopes and many prayers for your improvement, I am, always, your affectionate Father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

UPTON SCHOOL, November 30, 1834.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER I am awfully sorry I asked you to ask Jones. I suppose I musn't come now for Christmas. I only wanted him to go out skating and see Kitto. I should like to come I hope Mamma will come. I suppose Papa and Arthur wont for fear of the cold. I suppose you are awfully angry. Will you forgive me How is Mabel. I don't want Jones to know I asked for him Your affectionate grandson

FRANK LEWARD.

*J. Jones to Frank.*

KING'S SQUARE, BROMPTON, *January, 1835.*

DEAR OLD CHAP How are you getting on at your old granny's Why didn't you ask me down there. I hate this place. We had three days skating on the Serpentine. I suppose you don't know where that is what a duffer you are. Now its beastly wet again. Write to a chap and tell him how you are getting on. I met Finch and Black yesterday. I went down the river to Greenwich and saw a lot of ships. I like the docks the best part of London. I think I shall be a sailor—  
Yours old fellow

JOHN JONES.

*Frank to J. Jones.*

DEAR JONSEY Awfully short letter you wrote. I should like to be a sailor too. I told my mother I should but she said I couldnt she almost blubbered about it. My father's seedy and my mother's gone home. My young brothers coming to school after next half. I shant go home before I go back. Bob got me an awfully good pistol for 8 bob I shall bring it If you were here we should have awful larks. Your affec. friend

F. LEWARD.

*P.S.* Mabels awfully jolly dont say a word on your honour.

*Mrs. Leward to Frank.*

THE SHRUBBERY, *Sunday, April, 1835.*

MY DEAR DARLING BOY,—I am alone in the drawing-room. Papa and Arthur are gone to afternoon church, and I snatch a few minutes to write to you. Oh how often I think of you, especially on Sunday and in church. I think of those two happy Sundays we spent together at the dear old Glades. It is

such a short time really, but yet it seems like an age since that day I had to go away. I can still see your face peeping round the corner of the gates as I drove off. I wish you could have come home if only for a day or two. Papa is much better and takes long walks with Arthur. Arthur is getting on very well with his lessons, and Papa thinks he will be clever. Dr. Pott wrote Papa a letter about Arthur going to Upton the other day. He says in it you "have good abilities, but that you will not work," and that you "might at the end of two or three years be at the head of the school if you did well, but that you seem to prefer idle companions." I know my dear boy will never really be led away by bad companions, and that he is too noble to do anything base, still my dear Frank do keep a guard on yourself and try hard to get on and become a great man. I know you could if you liked. I meant when I began to write quite a scolding letter but I cannot do it you are so far away. How I wish you were here or still better at the dear old Glades if only for a day. Grandmamma is very fond of you. Mind and write to her often, she likes hearing from you and keeps all your letters. She showed me some you had written from the time you were only nine years old. Papa is dreadfully put out by what Dr. Pott said about you. I hope he will not send the letter on to grandmamma. Good-bye, my own darling boy, I hear them coming back from church so I must stop. I always begin to cry when I write to you. God bless and keep you for ever.—Your loving Mother,

MARY LEWARD.

*Frank to Mrs. Leward.*

DEAR MAMMA Pott is a beastly sneak to write like that. I am working awfully hard now harder than I ever did. I am top of the form at least I was yesterday. I am chosen captain of the second eleven. My birthdays on Tuesday. I can still play with the old bat its rather chipped at the bottom and its

sprung it still drives well a lot of fellows borrow it especially the big fellows perhaps I can get it spliced.

Jones made 30 on Saturday second 22 against 1st 11. they beat. If Suso has puppies and one a black one keep it for me and call it nigger.—Your affec. son  
FRANK.

*Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.*

THE SHRUBBERY, *September, 1835.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I had such a nice letter from Mr Saunders yesterday about the boys. He says Frank is so bright and clever and such a favourite with all the boys. If he would only work he would be at the head of the school in time, but that he works so spasmodically. Last spring he says he set to like a man and quickly beat every one in his form but that he did not keep it up. Arthur is most painstaking and plodding but not strong. How kind of you to ask Frank and his friend Jones for Christmas. I hope Jones is a nice boy, Frank seems to like him so much, I think his father is a lawyer in London. I hope Francis will be well enough to come to the Glades at Christmas.—Your loving daughter,  
MARY.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*

UPTON SCHOOL, *November, 1835.*

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—I am very sorry not to have written for such a long time. I didn't know it was such a long time till you wrote. Arthur is doing well with his lessons. He wont play football. Im in the 16. Thank you for the half sovereign. Its awfully kind of you to ask Jones for Christmas. Suso has had puppies they are going to keep one for me a black one I wanted it to be called nigger but papa wont because he says its vulgar or something.—Your affec. grandson,

F. LEWARD.



*J. Jones to Mrs. Leward.*

UPTON SCHOOL, *June 15, 1836.*

DEAR MRS. LEWARD,—As I promised you I write now. I enjoyed my visit to Mrs. Herbert's very much. Frank had a tremendous fight to-day. A big fellow named Cheek had got a small boy's bat named Child and was knocking in the stumps with it with the blade so Frank hollowed out to him not to but he would and he made a hit at Frank with it and caught him a crack on the shoulder. Frank squared up to him and there was a ring made and they went at it like anything. They all hate Cheek. His nose bled like anything. Frank was rather hurt but he gave Cheek an awful licking. We gave three cheers for Frank and wanted to carry him in to get his face washed but we couldn't find him he got away somewhere. I'm afraid Frank will get into a row. Cheek has two black eyes and so has Frank and the Doctor has found it out and Franks safe to be caned. Cheek told the Doctor that Frank began it and the Doctor always favours Cheek.—I am yours, &c.,

JOHN JONES.

*Arthur Leward to Mr. Leward.*

UPTON SCHOOL, *June 17, 1836.*

MY DEAR PAPA,—I am sorry to have to tell you that Frank was caned again yesterday. I felt so ashamed, and knew how vexed you would be to hear about it. He would fight another boy named Cheek, and got two black eyes. I am getting on well with my Greek, and have begun Herodotus but I still like Mathematics best. Please give my love to Mamma and tell her the new flannel waistcoats came all right. We break up in a fortnight.—Your affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

*Frank to Mrs. Herbert.*UPTON SCHOOL, *October, 1836.*

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—I am always getting into it now the Doctor hates me ever since I had a fight with another fellow last half and says he will write to Papa and very likely expel me. Its all about this. Some big fellows were awfully hungry at night and wanted to make a small beggar go for some grub for them he was in a horrid funk so I said I'd go so I got the money and swarmed up the high window and dropped down outside and got the grub and two bottles of beer at the Crown and what you think that little sneak Arthur went and sneaked and I swarmed up again to the high window and down the rope hand over hand and bang into the arms of old Pott and one of the bottles of beer went off and all over him. He was in a towering rage couldnt speak and I went off in a funk to my room and Ive been kept here ever since will you write to Mamma about it I dont like to. The fellows wanted to roast Arthur but I sent word to them not to.—Your affect. grandson, F. LEWARD.

*Mr. Leward to Frank.*THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON,  
*October 10, 1836.*

DEAR FRANK,—Deeper and deeper still in the slough of despond have you fallen. I could scarcely believe what I was reading when I received Dr. Pott's letter this morning. That a son of mine could have committed the immoral and vulgar act of surreptitiously escaping from his schoolhouse in the dead of night for the purpose of procuring beer, and by so doing assist in contaminating the manners of his school-fellows, and inducing a disgusting taste for intoxicating liquors—which if indulged in at your age must inevitably tend to brutalise the whole man hereafter—is a disgrace I can with difficulty endure. How differently

has your younger brother acted. Always obedient to his preceptor's command, taking the side of right against the forces of evil, he ever steers his course toward that holy goal from which you appear to be drifting farther and farther away.

But I fear it is of little use that I should raise even a parent's voice of warning. Of course we cannot receive you at home for the coming Christmas holidays. Dr. Pott is still undecided whether you can remain at Upton, and I know not if your good grandmother, who has hitherto invited you at that season of the year, will any longer care to receive the outcast. If she does vouchsafe her forgiveness to you, I for one must decline to allow Arthur to be of the party. I am in duty bound to see that one son of mine at least shall be worthy to bear our ancient name and hand it down untarnished by that pitch with which you have already, and I fear irremediably, defiled your hands.—I am your sorely-grieved Father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

*Mrs. Leward to Mr. Saunders.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know how I can sufficiently thank you for your kind letter and all your kindness to our son. However wild, I knew Frank could not be a bad boy. You seem to have so much more sympathy with his wayward nature than some masters have. Bampton must be a very nice boy. I am going to ask Frank's grandmother to invite him to spend the Christmas holidays with him, at Claydon. I suppose Frank will not be happy without his friend Jones too, who I suppose must also have some good in him, because Frank seems so fond of him, though I must say he seemed, when I saw him, rather rough. Thanking you again for your letter and intercession with Dr. Pott, I am yours very sincerely,

MARY LEWARD.

THE SHRUBBERY, *Wednesday.*

(*To be continued.*)

## A Postscript.\*

**S**TORY I have none to tell. All I remember is that Moore was as insignificant a little personage as might be seen any day in the week, though with a certain airy and sprightly manner, which indicated what he might have been in other days. Bowles, I remember, told Moore and me to go into Bromhill Church and see a head of our Lord which he had put up over the chancel arch; which, of course, we did, and I remember Moore giving me a droll look, and asking me what I supposed the Rector's clerical brethren would think of having "images" in their churches. We chanced to find we had "mutual friends" at Bath; and of the lady he observed, in true Moorish style, that she was a "sweet woman," but to her husband, who I recollect always called him Tommy, he shrugged his shoulders and made a queer face. The lady, I may remark, had spoken of Moore's singing of his own songs, *e.g.*, "Love me, dearest, love me," as exquisitely tender and touching; and she had herself accompanied him on the pianoforte.

After dinner, over our wine, I remember, Moore improvised some doggerels, which I probably chronicled at the time, and certainly knew by heart, but which have entirely slipped my memory, and I have not the remotest idea of what they were about, or what called them forth. I remember his saying that at some public dinner he sat opposite the Duke of Wellington

\* A critic, in noticing the writer's former chapter of Reminiscences of Bowles, expresses disappointment that the story of the meeting with Moore is not fully told. Hence this Postscript.



and, hearing him talking to the chairman about Robert Emmet, he interposed and gave his opinion of him in sympathizing, or, at least, palliating terms, and that the duke expressed himself as pleased.

This is all I can recall of Moore. He was accompanied by Kenny, the farce-writer, to whom the theatrical world is indebted for Jeremy Diddler, a character, if I mistake not, in "Raising the Wind." His daughter, a pretty blonde, was with him; and I remember walking with her in the garden, and showing her the hermitage, &c. Mrs. Bowles thought the young lady gave herself "airs," but my impression of her was that she was a light-spirited girl, who was rather at war with "society," and with the world in general. She would have got up a little fight with me, had I let her. Mrs. Bowles, a daughter of Archdeacon Wake, was a lady with pronounced features, and a corresponding character.

If you wish to learn more about Tom Moore, you may consult the third volume of Young's "Recollections," one of the most amusing books I ever read. He was a son of Young the tragedian, and had a parish in the neighbourhood of Calne. He was one of the most pleasing and entertaining men I ever met, and deservedly very popular. I was surprised at finding myself gazetted as succeeding to his living, which he was vacating: surprised, because it had been offered me privately by the patron, and had been declined. I had, however, the supreme honour of having his surplice placed over my shoulders by his grandiose clerk, a striking portrait of whom is given in this book. Young's account of the man is whimsical in the extreme; as is also his description of the toll-bar keeper, whom I also recollect. Young relates some sensational details respecting Moore's early days.

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON.

## Marigolds.

**I**T has gone from us, our sweet summer weather,  
Passed with its glow and sunshine bliss away ;  
I and the Marigolds are sad together,  
We had half hoped that it would always stay.

In the deserted dreary garden spaces  
We are alone, the marigolds and I ;  
Coldly the air is blowing on our faces  
Out of a gusty cloud-heaped evening sky.

By the far river goes a heron sailing  
With his wide purple wings all sunset-lit ;  
Turns from the frayed, gold west so quickly paling,  
Flies towards the grey, is lost a flash in it.

Slowly the fearful dark comes creeping, growing,  
Blurs the red glimmer of the maple leaves,  
Steals where my russet marigolds are showing,  
And parts them from their friend, who stands and grieves.

FRANCES A. W. WYNNE.

## “Suicide through Love.”

THE turbulent and congested state of society at the present day offers many a dark and subtle problem to the investigation of the curious. But among the various problems that bewilder and puzzle the patient psychological student, there are few which seem to me more unaccountable than those suggested by the oft-repeated verdict of suicide through love. Hardly a week passes, but the papers announce that some unlucky wight has shot, drowned, or poisoned himself—and all on account of Matilda! The inevitable letter is discovered in the young man's pocket, or between the leaves of his Bible, bearing witness to his passion and to his suffering. He “could not live” without Matilda. He should “know no happiness” if parted from her; and, since she has looked askance at him, he can face life no longer. In the meantime the bullet or the dagger has done its work, and the ghastly corpse is stumbled upon next day by the police. What an appalling tragedy, and all because he could not bear to hear a pair of rosy lips say “no.”

But to realize the situation more fully we must pause for a moment to take a look at Matilda. We might reasonably expect her to be at least some blue-eyed flaxen-haired fairy of bewitching grace and beauty. Not a bit! In nine cases out of ten she is the commonest little hussy that ever stood at the bar, or behind the counter, with the voice of a chough and the head of a harpy. Yet her refusal to throw in her lot with his saddens his heart,

dims his reason, saps life of all its pleasures, robs every occupation of its interest, turns the world into a dreary waste, and death into the only available deliverance. A month ago this love-sick swain had a dozen boon companions whose society was a source of pleasure to him ; he smoked his pipe and tossed off his glass of hot punch or negus with the noisiest of them ; told "awful crammers" in the club-room, and chuckled to think what a smart fellow he was ; played high jinks and indulged in all kinds of buffooneries. Yet, strange to say, no sooner does the portentous shadow of the "lovely Matilda" fall across his path than, by some inexplicable influence, everything which a few weeks ago shed a glow of sunshine on his path, is forgotten. An Egyptian darkness settles on his mind. He can see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing, contemplate nothing, but the pouting lips of Matilda forming the syllable—"no." To right, to left, above, below, wherever he turns his head, he is confronted with this awful avowal. Not the claims of duty, nor the calls of business, any more than his accustomed diversions, can arouse him. Existence becomes a torment ; he resolves to die and so end his agony ; and die he does, by his own hand.

What, I sometimes ask myself, is the explanation of this infatuation. Dozens of other young men, as discerning as our broken-hearted hero, are brought into contact with Matilda, and they see nothing in her to captivate anybody. Yet, in spite of her mediocrity, she has contrived to make life itself too bitter for love-sick Jimmie. Whatever may be the utter worthlessness of her sympathy and affection to the rest of the world, to him it is everything. Its denial is what denial of sunshine is to the flowers, or of milk to the suckling infant. It means death. The want is an artificial one, certainly : but it is nevertheless imperative and within certain limits brooks no denial. I say, within certain limits, because the demand is not nearly so extravagant as appears at first sight. This point presents one of the most singular phases of the whole madness. For, all he demands, as



essential to his carrying on the business of life, is that she would love him. It is not herself, nor her society, nor her caresses that are indispensable to him, for he could live without them: all that is indispensable are her sympathy and love. To possess these is heaven. To withhold these is to turn heaven into hell. What afflicts him so deeply is not that she is unable actually to devote herself entirely to him, but that she is unable to profess any desire of exercising such devotion. Suppose, for instance, that Matilda's heart has been touched, and that she has yielded to Jimmie's solicitations and vows, but unhappily, had then been run over in the street, or burnt to death in the opera, or killed by some other accident, before the happy day arrived and the wedding bells could be set jingling—would he have drowned or hanged himself all the same? Probably not; though he would possess nothing more to attach him to life than the mere avowal of her undying affection. The delight of her presence, the (rasping) music of her voice, the pressure of her hand, the tender glance of her eye, and all those other pleasures which lovers fancy, are as effectually and as irrevocably removed by death, as if she had jilted him with scorn. Yet in the one case he consents to live, in the other case he resolves to die. Though nothing is left to him but the haunting memory of her promised love, yet this of itself satisfies him—or at all events he can bear the lesser disappointment on the strength of that promise; and the idea of springing from the Clifton Suspension-bridge would never so much as occur to him. The source of his misery is solely that one wench will not dispose her heart to beat in unison with his. It matters not a straw, that he might have grown indifferent to her in less than six months, had she actually married him, nor is it any use to remind him that, had she died of pneumonia or hysteria during the honeymoon, he would have picked up courage and another wife in a very short time. No! all such reflections would be thrown away upon him. The fact that she will not now be his lover fells him prone to the ground.

How are we to account for such a singular psychological fact? What is the precise nature and origin of the deadly poison which inflicts this invisible wound that knows no cure? Who will give a satisfactory diagnosis of this mental excitation or momentary craze? That a man should be tempted to take his life in cases of abject poverty and want, or when suffering intensely from some acute and violent disease is, at all events, intelligible. One can, without any very great effort, understand the kind of relief a person so situated would look for in death. But that the whole of a man's career should be blighted, that every other hope should be shattered, and every other interest lost, because one out of the twelve hundred millions of beings strutting on the little stage of this world will not smile upon him and look upon him tenderly, is one of those strange phenomena which will long continue to puzzle the philosopher and the sociologist. Were it possible to reason with such a crazed creature, we might seek to console him by pointing out that he might easily find another and a better woman to become his bride; that since he got on very well and was happy enough without Matilda for the first portion of his life, he might spend the second portion of it quite as comfortably under the same conditions, and so forth.

To argue, however, under such circumstances is waste of breath. One might as well dispute a proposition in Euclid with a madman who denies the axioms. This very night the foolish fellow will clasp and kiss the crumpled image or the lock of twisted hair of the girl who has stirred up his affections and then blow out his brains.

This propensity to revenge oneself in such cases by an act of *felo-de-se*, does not appear to be common to both the sexes; or at all events not to anything like the same extent. Though many young women, as soon as they are of a marriageable age, carefully bait their hooks and industriously beat the social stream to see if they cannot catch a tasty fish, still one seldom hears of any of them laying violent hands upon themselves because the

"soured gurnet" upon which they have vainly lavished all their seductive arts refuses to take the bait. They may certainly "let concealment like a worm in the bud prey on their damask cheeks." They may possibly have a *crise de nerfs*, nay, they may even pine away with grief, but they are rarely tempted to precipitate matters by any of those more rapid processes of dissolution to which men so frequently resort in like cases. Why is this? A man might seek to account for the anomaly by saying that women feel neither so deeply nor so strongly as men. A woman, on the other hand, would prefer to believe that women, as compared to men, are not less sensitive but "so much more sensible, don't you know, my dear?" The fact is that woman is generally more hopeful than man; that she places greater reliance on her powers of ultimate persuasion; and reckons on the future to bring about some change of fortune. She is less ready to accept disagreeable facts, and is not to be quite persuaded by the cruellest demonstration, even though the proofs be mathematical. Besides, she is saved the suddenness of the shock which makes a man reel; and this for a twofold reason. Firstly, she is quicker to detect from the outset the chances of her suit, and by virtue of a keener instinct, does not easily delude herself into believing that she has "killed" a man when she has only "scotched" him. There is never the startling *dénouement* that we so often find in the case of men who cannot believe (till positively proved) that they are not adored by the girl they love. Secondly, a lady—and this term is now grown comprehensive enough to include every curiosity in a petticoat—is not supposed to ask a man (at least verbally) to be her husband; she can therefore never receive a blank refusal: and the absence of a blank refusal always leaves room for some degree of hope. Even if this glimmer of hope is itself at last extinguished, it is by a gradual process which prepares the little fluttering heart to withstand it. Thus, in what the French call *les affaires du cœur*, women are not subject to the same sudden strain that

men are, and have always a better chance of recovering from the shock.

Still, after all said and done, the suddenness and hopelessness with which one young person will get entangled with another who remains absolutely irresponsible, together with the unreasonable violence of the passion aroused when all on one side, remains as inexplicable a mystery as ever. It is one of those startling truths that meet us again and again as we jog through life, and set us thinking, but which baffle all attempts at a lucid explanation.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.



## The Haydock Papers.

### The Beginning of the General Imprisonment.

"The garret at Dourlens made the place excessively disagreeable. It was always the custom to separate our apartments by hanging curtains from the beams that spread across the room. These in the scorching heat of summer rendered the place rather more offensive than it would otherwise have been, and the parching rays of the sun, which were all day beating against the roof, warmed it very nearly as much as the hottest stove. But this was one of our smallest inconveniences. If you happened to awake in the night it was almost impossible to recover your sleep, so tortured you were with fleas. My shirt, which I used to change now and then (I don't recollect how often), was after two nights spotted all over with blood. In this citadel, and in this garret, we remained for three months. One of our professors\* died with a putrid fever, and the boy that I slept next to was infected with the same distemper, which, however, I was so fortunate as to escape.

"About two months after our present confinement, we sent a

\* The Rev. Richard Brettargh, was a son of Mr. Richard Brettargh, of Ince, co. Lancaster, the representative of the junior branch of the Brettarghs of Brettargh Holt, in Little Woolton, near Liverpool. He was born at Ince, June 21, 1765, and after a preliminary education, in all probability at the Rev. Simon George Bordley's school at Aughton, was sent to St. Omer's College, where he was ordained deacon and appointed a professor. He died on July 24, 1794, and his body was buried in the public cemetery outside Doulens, none of his friends being permitted to accompany it to the grave.

petition to Robespierre, which was composed by one of the boys and entreated for release ; but all to no purpose, for we never received an answer. Not long after we were informed of his death, which delivered us in a great measure from our anxieties and apprehensions. Indeed, it was generally supposed that all would have perished within a week, if the death of this tyrant had not occurred to cheer up our languishing spirits and animate our hopes.

“A short time after his death, having remained about three months in this citadel, we were sent off to the other, where we were all more comfortably situated, as the soldiers’ barracks had been prepared for our habitation. But no new provision of straw was allowed, and for half a year I was obliged to be content with two trusses, which became as hard almost as the floor itself. My rough sharp pointed books, shirts, and other little baggage, served as a pillow. Every morning we were called out to the roll, as usual in the last citadel, and we found this upper citadel in many respects more pleasant than the lower. Our rooms were more comfortable, and the play-ground more extensive, but the prospect rather more confined. Whenever any English prisoners arrived, all communication was prohibited, though this privilege was allowed in the beginning.

“At last, after three months’ confinement in this citadel, that made our total imprisonment at Douvens amount to six entire months, we were gratified with the pleasant and unexpected news of our return to St. Omer, which was at last to terminate our memorable imprisonment. We set out from St. Omer about the beginning of January, and returned about the latter end or beginning of October [1794].

“After the death of the tyrannical Robespierre, the commissioners and magistrates in all the departments were succeeded by persons of more moderate dispositions. Bertier was appointed governor of that country which included the

town and territory of St. Omer. To him we addressed a petition for our return, and he was so kind as to comply with our request. A wealthy farmer, who lived in the suburbs of St. Omer, was so kind as to provide us with waggon for our return, and on that happy day we bid the most gratifying farewell of our lives to this last of prisons after our professors had embraced the commander of the town, who had formerly been a pedlar, and treated them with this familiarity because he had been put in possession of all the pots, pans, and rusty goods, which we had left behind.

"When we came to St. Omer we returned to the French college, for ours had been converted into a military hospital. After sleeping here for two nights on the bare floor, the district supplied us with books, beds, and every convenience of that description, and we lived very comfortably. At last our president set off to Paris, and obtained a decree for our return to England after we had remained about a week in suspense and expectation. As soon as the wished-for news arrived, all was singing and exultation. Everybody received a new suit of clothes, for in prison we were covered with rags, and universal happiness prevailed. When our president returned to St. Omer we set off immediately (so great were our apprehensions lest the decree might be retracted), and arrived at Dover after a ten hours' fatiguing passage."

*Fecit anonymus.*

\* When the collegians returned to St. Omer in the latter part of October, 1794, they were sixty-four in number. The president, Mr. Stapleton, watched every opportunity to avail himself of favourable circumstances, and at last obtained a passport with leave to go to Paris with a petition signed by every individual of his College, of Douay College, and of the English Benedictine College at Douay, for permission to return to England, which was granted. On St. Chad's Day, Mar. 2, 1795, he, with the gentlemen and scholars of St. Omer's, President Daniel, with the gentlemen and students of Douay College, and Dom James Jerome Sharrock, Prior of St. Gregory's, Douay, with his community, arrived at Dover. The president with a number of the St. Omerians went to Old Hall Green; the Douay

## Old Hall Green.

“ Within this cloister'd calm retreat,  
Where sacred science loves to fix her seat,  
How did their moments tranquil wing their flight  
In elegant delight ! ”

Anon.

In a letter to his brother James, at Trafford House, near Manchester, dated Old Hall Green, Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1793, George Leo Haydock writes—“ I departed from ye Tagg Nov. 28th, in company with our servant Richard, and arrived about 1 o'clock at ye house of Mr. Penswick, who lives near Garswood, 26 miles from our habitation.\* We set off about 6 o'clock on horseback, and came in quite *à propos* for dinner, which was served up with great magnificence, and at 4 Richard returned homewards. No particulars worth notice occurred in our journey. I was exceedingly well treated during my stay at Garswood, so that after 3 or 4 days I was almost as much grieved to quit as to leave ye Tagg ; almost, I say, for one circumstance gave me occasion of a short sorrow which I will

collegians were scattered amongst their homes, Crook Hall, and Old Hall Green ; and the Benedictine College settled at Acton Burnell, Salop, the seat of Sir Edward Smythe, Bart.

\* Thomas Penswick was agent to the Gerard family of Bryn, in which office he was succeeded by his eldest son Randal. His second son, Thomas, became V. A. of the Northern District, and John, the third son, was the last survivor of the Douay collegians. They were descended from Thomas Penswick, of Great Eccleston, in the Fylde, who, by his wife Ellen, had a son William. The latter, by Grace his wife, a member of the old Catholic family of Johnson of Lea, was the father of the Rev. Thomas Penswick, ordained priest at the English College, Rome, who was chaplain at Hardwicke, near Hartlepool, the seat of the Maire family, when the mansion was attacked by a no-popery mob in 1746. His younger brother, Randal Penswick, was father to Thomas Penswick, the agent to the Gerards, who resided at the manor-house in Ashton-in-Makerfield.



now explain to you. We had proposed to repair to Old Hall Green, according to ye commands of ye Rt. Rev. Bp. Gibson, in a post-chaise, provided some other of ye Douay refugees would join us. Ye person we at first expected was Thomas Gillow, but receiving information from Mr. Jo. Orrel that he did not propose setting off before he had received orders from ye Bp., Thomas Penswick rode that afternoon to see if he could prevail with Mr. Monk to bear us company, but not finding him within, he left word for him to come if he thought proper ye day following. Accordingly he arrived towards ye evening of Sunday ye 1st. of Advent, quite prepared, yet he had not received orders from ye Bp., so that Mr. Penswick advised him by no means to proceed. He returned therefore about eight o'clock without taking anything for supper, and ye day following came again with a request on Mr. Penswick to defray ye expenses of his journey, and he should be shortly repaid, which he refused to do lest ye blame should be laid upon him if Bp. Gibson designed him for some other place. Upon this second disappointment he seemed little pleased, and being pressed to sit down to dinner, absolutely excused himself." . . . Unfortunately a portion of the letter is here torn off. It continues under an original sketch, by the writer, of Old Hall and Douay College.

"The regulations we here observe are not quite settled on a firm foundation, so that I can only inform you of some particulars. We rise at 6 o'clock, go to church at ye half hour, and meditate out of Bp. Challoner in ye same manner as during ye retreat at Douay. At 7 study divinity, till 8, when we all repair to hear prayers, or Mass, with ye boys, who do not bear us company in ye aforesaid meditation. At a quarter to 9, breakfast, of milk and bread (tea on fasting days), study till 1, when a dinner equal to what we had at Douay *saltem* is served up. I had forgot that at half-past 11 we are to repair to school, after ye Epiphany—Mr. Coombs, our master, who only came

down with the bishop last Monday, having a desire to go as far as Bath to see his relations. This day, he and Bp. Douglass examined us all on ye gospel of St. Matthew, but in fact rather answered himself than asked us questions. He is a person of a most amiable character, and seems to deserve ye love of every one. He informed us that Mr. Potier (a man as good and agreeable as himself) was to be our head superior, and Mr. Coombs ye second in authority and respect. After dinner we play till 3, go to school at 5, till 6, then common prayers for half-an hour, supper at 8, music for half-an-hour to prepare for ye church, where we have sung ye offices and masses since our arrival here, to ye great satisfaction of ye auditors. At 10 we go to bed in ye dormitory, for we have no better accommodations, and, indeed, we may think well to have so good, when we consider ye sufferings our friends undergo at Douvens, where they have only a little straw to sleep on, and are forced to cover themselves with their old tattered coats, which now scarce defend them from ye injuries of ye weather. This description we have received from Mr. Blacow, who effected his escape by means of a rope, down a high wall of about 38 feet, together with Mr. Thomson, of Wigan, Clarkson and Lucas, who remained at Louvain. What had become of us had we remained till now, or according to your designed advice gone to Louvain? Though I know not whether in effect it had not been better, for my sister seems to think that she could procure us some college in those parts, by means of Mr. Catrow, for what we can easily give. I received her kind letter two days before I left Tagg, as likewise one from Mr. Varley in answer to one we had sent him to settle matters. The sum we had to pay was £24 10s. od. with ye pensions included. The reason I set off from home so suddenly was because I heard from Mr. Orrel (whom I saw at Mr. Banister's) that Penswick intended setting off to Old Hall Green, Thursday, ye 28th of Nov., unless I came, or sent a letter, which at that time I thought not proper to do as not

knowing ye resolutions of parents, friends, and especially Mr. Lund, whose advice I asked ye day before I set off, and upon his answer took my measures accordingly, viz., to make a stay at Old-Hall Green till such times as I could procure a place at Lisbon or Valladolid, or, which seems more to coincide with my ideas, at Rome. Whithersoever I intend going at present is not so firmly resolved upon but that your advice may alter ye scales, or if Old-Hall Green be more agreeable and convenient at Spring, here I may perhaps take up my abode. 'Ne puisje ici fixer ma course vagabonde, et connu de vous seul ignorer tout monde.' The pension I have here to pay is as yet unknown to me, but I suppose it will not be as much as at Douay, considering that we have no pocket money or clothes allowed us. But I intend before long to get information of ye truth in this particular. I heard Mr. Banister's letter from Bp. Gibson in which were contained questions whether I and Thomas intended to proceed to Old-Hall Green and whether we were in a condition to pay one whole pension betwixt us, if so he promised himself to pay ye other till such time as he had received an answer from ye Pope. Upon which Mr. Banister wrote him word that he believed I intended going forward, but with regard to Thomas he had taken another way. Soon after his lordship sent to Mr. Thomas Penswick a congratulatory letter with orders for him and Mr. Geo. Haydock to repair as soon as possible to ye place aforesaid, from which I gather that he will make up for all deficiencies. This is ye opinion of Messrs. Banister and Orrel. I must now draw to a conclusion, being fully persuaded and conscious of performing my utmost for your satisfaction. We are 12 divines in number, 10 from Douay, 1 from Lisbon, and another from Rome. He goes under ye name of Mr. Freen, and has informed me of several particulars relating to ye English college in those parts, which tho' they receive not my entire approbation, yet they appear not in those horrid colours in which it has always been painted. Ye greatest defect



is a too great satiety, or rather surfeit, of study, and a small diminution of ye Douay liberties, which if my vocation remains firm and secure I can easily bear up with. But of this I shall inform you more in a short time. I have written to my mother, as likewise to Mr. Coghlan, for whose service I shall perhaps have occasion to procure a razor, &c., which I stand in need of, for ye barber is here so exorbitant as to require 3d. only for shaving, which will not long keep my purse in temper. Mr. Potier is a painter of ye same turn as myself (I mean has learnt without a master), and was exceedingly well pleased to see my picture of Douay College. He offered me very kindly ye use of his paints, &c., but if I think proper to proceed in this art, I intend purchasing a box, &c. *Sed finis sit.* Compliments, respects, and duty, you will give out as is most convenient, and remember that I stand now in equal need of prayers as you pretended to do at Douay. I therefore beg and beseech you to show your mercy and compassion on me as you do I make no doubt on so many others; pour into my wounded soul ye oil and wine of ye good Samaritan, that at ye last day you may be found instrumental in ye charitable office of procuring ye salvation of a—dutiful, loving, and affectionate brother—George Leo Haydocke.—P.S. You'll excuse all inaccuracies and defects in this letter, considering that I am forced to write in ye hurry and confusion of a rumgumtious fire-school; and since I had till this present moment forgot to mention ye *petite* larcenies I have committed on your properties, I now ask your pardon, and humbly entreat you to mark down all such things for which I am indebted to you, or for which I may have occasion to ask you in future times, if perchance I should remain any while in these parts. Amongst other things I desire you would set down ye price of your breeches and ye great riding-coat I have made bold to take along with me, which indeed I should not have done had time sufficient been allowed me. A library is not as yet quite collected to serve our purposes, however, our master is



hard employed about it ; for which reason if I should stand in need of any book which may not be absolutely necessary for you, I make no doubt but you will favour me with it. I send for nothing at present, for things being in a fickle and uncertain condition, I am uncertain what to call for. I am just going to write to sister Stanislaus, so you'll pardon me if I leave you with a fraternal *adieu*. Thursday : This morning a votive mass was sung for our suffering friends at Doulens, *Amen*."

Mr. Varley, to whom Mr. Haydock refers, was ordained priest at Douay, and for many years was agent for the college in London, in which capacity he was highly serviceable. In 1776 he was elected a capitular, and dean of the English Chapter on the resignation of Mr. Lindon. He was greatly respected by his brethren, and died Nov. 27, 1806. His letter to "Mr. Geo Haydock, with Mr. Banister, Mowbrick, near Kirkham, Lancashire," dated London, Nov. ye 13th, 1793, is as follows :—"Dear Sir,—This morning I received your letter without date. I suppose you have made your calculation right. I find marked in Douay book, ye 19th of August, £10 10s. od. paid you by me, and £2 3s. 6d. for Mrs. Moor's account at Banker Wright's, total £12 13s. 6d., which with your pensions makes the sum you are to pay Mr. Banister for me, £24 10s. od. So that you will find 2 pence difference betwixt your account and mine. I was very glad to see you arrive safe from Douay. The latter end of last month arrived Messrs. Monk, Rickaby, Penswick, Gillow, Devereux, Lancaster, Lee, Saul, Law, Worswick, and Coombs. Mr. Coombs stayed at Louvain, but is safe. They left behind them 43, all of which were arrested and sent to prison at Doulens in Piccardy. Pray God preserve them. Mr. Daniel had too much faith in the French about him ; he has now time to repent for not sending all away. I wish my nephew Stout had bore you company. I beg you will say all that's kind from me to Mr. Banister. I remain, dear Sir, your obedient, humble servant, Thomas Varley."

Before proceeding with the description of the school at Old Hall Green we will give a brief sketch of its history, including that of its predecessor at Twyford:—

“ A litel schole of Cristen folk ther stood  
Down at the ferther ende, in which ther were  
Children an hepe y-comen of Cristen blood  
That lered in that scolè yer by yere,  
Such maner doctrine as men used there ;  
That is to say ; to syngen and to rede,  
As smale children doon in her childhede.”

*Chaucer, The Prioress's Tale.*

In the reign of James II., a school was founded at Silksteed, near Winchester, of which the Rev. William Husband, *alias* Bernard, was the master in 1692. Subsequently it was removed to Twyford, near Winchester, where, in 1696, it was conducted by the Rev. John Banister, *alias* Taverner. It was in this year that Pope was sent to the school, and remained over twelve months under this learned master. It is said the poet was dismissed in consequence of writing a lampoon on his tutor, and was transferred to a Catholic school situated close by Hyde Park Corner, kept by another priest, where he nearly lost all that he had gained under Mr. Banister. Some of Pope's verses were still to be seen scratched on the windows at Twyford in Dr. Kirke's time. The Rev. James Brown assisted in the school early in the eighteenth century. About 1726 the Rev. Fris. (*alias* Ino. Walter) Fleetwood took charge of the establishment, under whose *régime* it was most successful. A curious pamphlet published in 1733, entitled “The Present State of Popery in England,” represents Twyford as containing upwards of a hundred scholars at the time when the author wrote, and says it was “chiefly under the care of one Father Fleetwood.” It was in 1732 that Mr. Fleetwood resigned his charge in order to become a Jesuit. He probably carried with him to the Society the interest he had with the scholars at Twyford and their parents, which caused th

school to decline, and made it difficult, says Bishop Stonor, to supply his place. His assistant master, the Rev. Joseph Gildon, a priest educated at the English College at Lisbon, then taught the school not only to his own credit, but to the great advantage of his pupils. His death is thus recorded by Mr. Thomas Berington, Dean of the Chapter: "We have lately had a great loss. Good Mr. Joseph Gildon, master of the school at Twyford, dyed on July 26th, 1736." A priest named Taverner appears to have succeeded Mr. Gildon as assistant master, who ultimately retired to Warkworth Castle, the seat of Mr. Holman, where he died in 1745. On the retirement of Mr. Fleetwood the head mastership or management of the school seems to have devolved on the Rev. John Philip Betts, for it was he who applied to the Dean of the Chapter for help, and received an advance of £200, for which he gave a bill of sale on his household goods and chattels, dated Feb. 15th, 1734, n.s., to Mr. John Shepherd, the treasurer. Besides this debt, the house was mortgaged to Mr. Holman, of Warkworth, who possessed property near Winchester. The pecuniary difficulties with which Mr. Betts had to contend, added to the loss sustained by Mr. Fleetwood's retirement, caused the school to languish, so that it is no wonder that the no-popery cry, raised after the Stuart rising of 1745, occasioned the close of the establishment. Mr. Betts then retired to Gray's Inn, London, where he had the care of the clergy library, and died March 28th, 1770.

Shortly after the death of the last Lord Aston, his residence called Standon Lordship, in the county of Herts, was rented for the purpose of re-establishing Twyford School. The Rev. Richard Kendal, a native of Fulwood, near Preston, who defended universally at Douay with Gilbert Haydock, to the great admiration of all present, was appointed chief master or president of the new school. It was established on the same plan as Twyford, and like it was principally intended for the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry in their tender age.



Soon after the marriages of the Aston heiresses, Standon Lordship was sold, and in 1767, the school was transferred for a short period to Hare Street, not far from Braughin in the same county. Here the accommodation proved extremely inadequate to the wants of the school, and the Right Rev. Bishop James Talbot first rented and soon after purchased the ancient manor-house and farm known as Old Hall Green, about two miles from Puckeridge. After making many improvements, and adding considerably to the building, he opened it as a school in Oct. 1769, under the superintendence of the Rev. James Willacy, who presided over this growing establishment until about the year 1791.

In Mr. William Mawhood's diary, late in the possession of his descendant, C. F. Corney, Esq., of London, we find the following references to Old Hall Green.—“Sat. 9 July, 1769, called on Bishop Talbot, settled at £22 per annum for my boys, got his letter to ye master. Monday, 9 Oct., 1769, called on Mr. Talbot, who says Mr. Willacy will be in town this day, and return Friday or Saturday next. . . . Monday, 16 Oct., 1769, set out for Old Hall Green with Mr. Palmer; dined with Mr. Willacy; left ye two boys; went from thence to Baldock. . . . Wed., 8 Nov., 1769, Mr. Willacy of Old Hall Green called; our boys very well. Thurs., 9 Nov., 1769, Mr. Willacy dined with us at Finchley; went with him in ye even to shew him the way. Tues., 5 Dec., 1769, our two boys' went to Mr. Willacy, Old Hall Green, on Monday, 16 Oct., 1769. Wed., 9 May, 1770, paid Mr. Willacy in full for my two boys' schooling half a year, due ye 16 April last. Wm. £12 13s. 1½d., Charles, £12 16s. 9½d., total £25 9s. 11d.”

The two bishops Talbot, their brother the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Fingal, and the chief of the Catholic nobility and gentry, who were not at the colleges abroad, received the first part of their education at Twyford. Now, at Old Hall, we meet with the names of Arundell, Clifford, Petre, Howard, Bedingfeld,



Jerningham, Stonor, Dormer, Blount, Wright, Barret, and the northern names of Charlton, Salvin, Clifton, Riddell, Haggerston, besides the two Irish families of Butler and Power. Of its habits and studies we may gather some idea from a copy of the rules of Standon Lordship, which would doubtless be framed on the model of Twyford, where Dr. Talbot had made his own first studies. It was he who guided the establishment founded by himself and Bishop Challoner at Old Hall Green. Rules 4 and 5 enjoin on all school days a lesson in some catechism suitable to the age and capacity of the students ; as 1st age, *Douay Abstract* with Mr. Gother's *Instructions for Children* ; 2nd, *Fleury's Historical Catechism* ; 3rd, Turberville's *Abridgment of Christian Doctrine*, with the chief master's approbation. Another rule tells us that after the catechism lesson is said, each scholar is to have his task set in English, Latin, or Greek, about which he is to be employed till 12 o'clock. The masters were evidently not all laymen, for another rule says that as soon as the morning-prayers are ended, one of the priests shall begin mass, so that there were other priests besides the principal. At six o'clock the bell was to be rung for evening prayers, consisting of the Litany of the Saints, the Rosary or Bona Mors, with the night exercise and reflection or meditation for the following day ; "all which are to be read leisurely and distinctly by ye ablest readers among the scholars in their turns." Here we have an insight into the devotional exercises of the times.

The president, Mr. Willacy, was a native of Catforth, Lancashire, and was probably a relative of the late president of Standon Lordship, Richard Kendal. Like him he received his preliminary education at Dame Alice's famous school at Fernyhalgh, and was afterwards sent to Douay College, where he took the college oath at the age of nineteen, June 29, 1757. There he taught poetry and rhetoric, and was esteemed a good classical scholar. He continued as president of Old Hall Green till about 1791, at any rate his name appears as such in the *Laity's*

*Directory* for that year. He died at Canford House, Sept. 25, 1805, aged 67.

The next president was the Rev. John Potier, another Douay priest, born in the diocese of London, Sept. 22, 1758. It is said that he came to Old Hall, probably as assistant-master, about 1785. The school continued to flourish, without any material alteration in the mode of instruction, or in the management of the temporal concerns of the house, until the year 1793.

In the previous year the Bishops of the London and Northern districts, Dr. Douglass and Dr. William Gibson, were looking around for a suitable house to receive the refugees from Douay College in case of necessity. After the seizure of the college, it was decided that Bishopric (Durham) was the most preferable situation, but owing to various disappointments in obtaining suitable premises, Bishop Douglass, with the consent of Dr. Gibson, directed the refugees to repair to Old Hall Green as a temporary shelter. It was not then intended to interfere with Mr. Potier's lay-school.

JOSEPH GILLOW.

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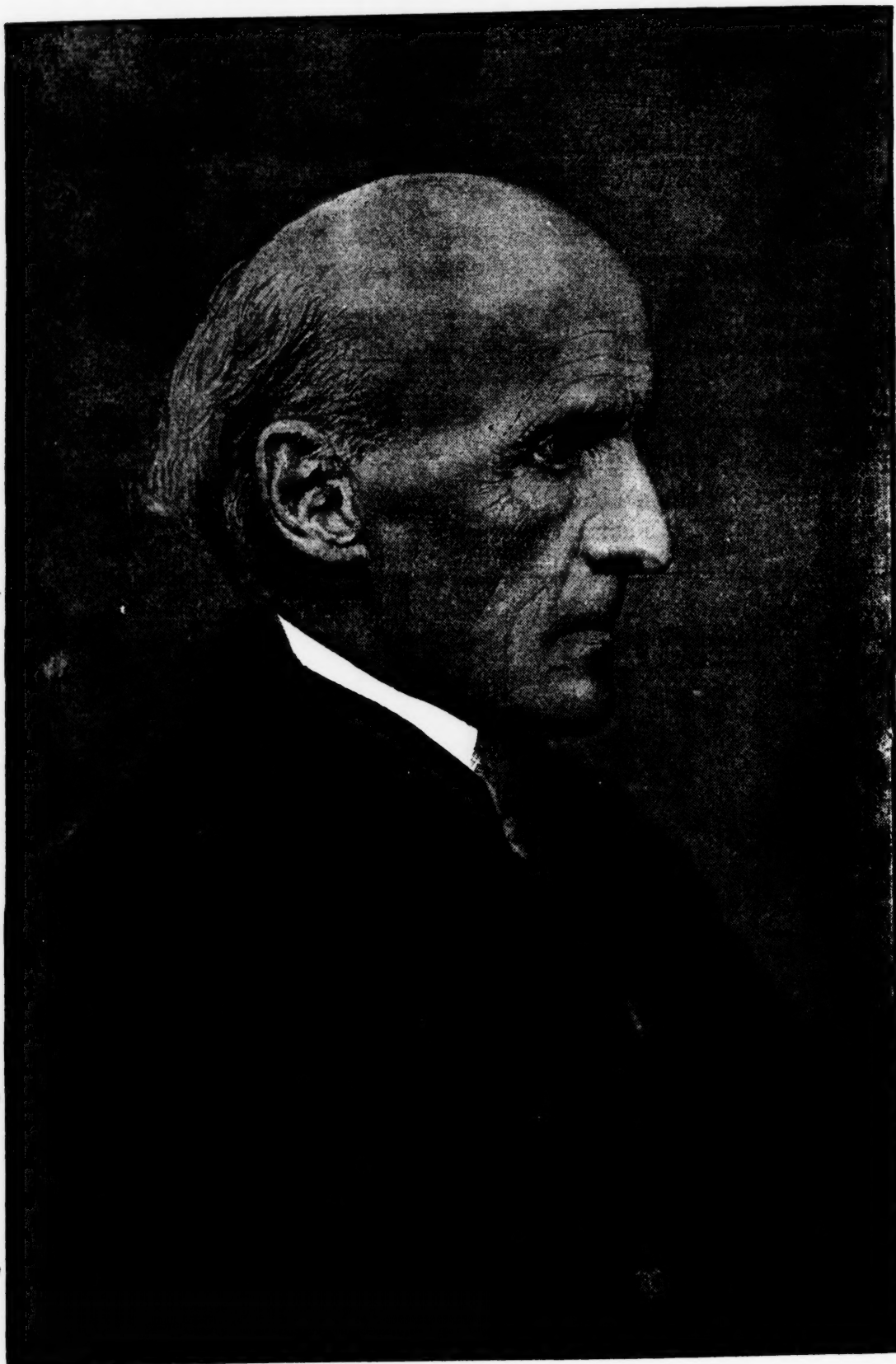
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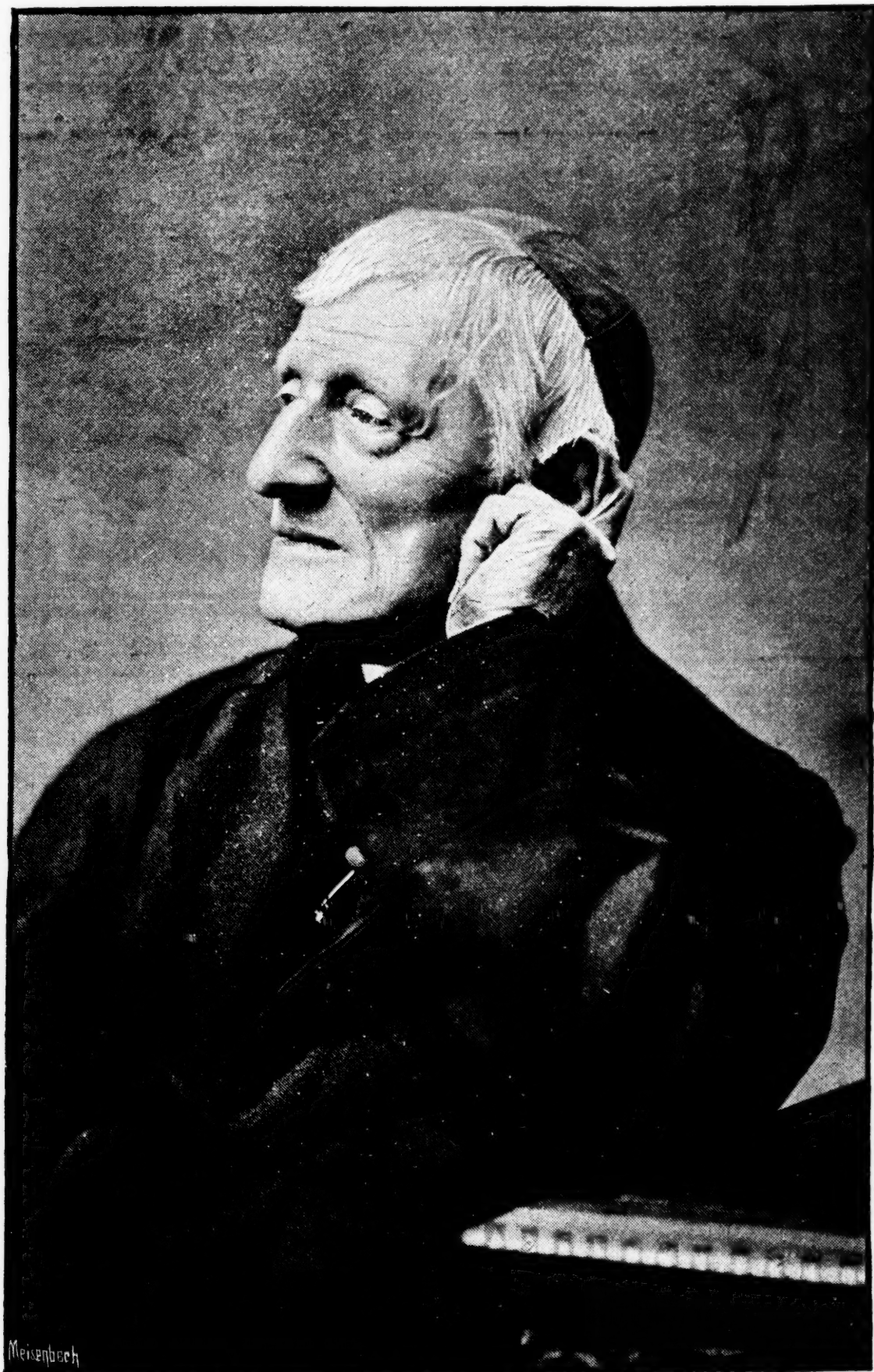
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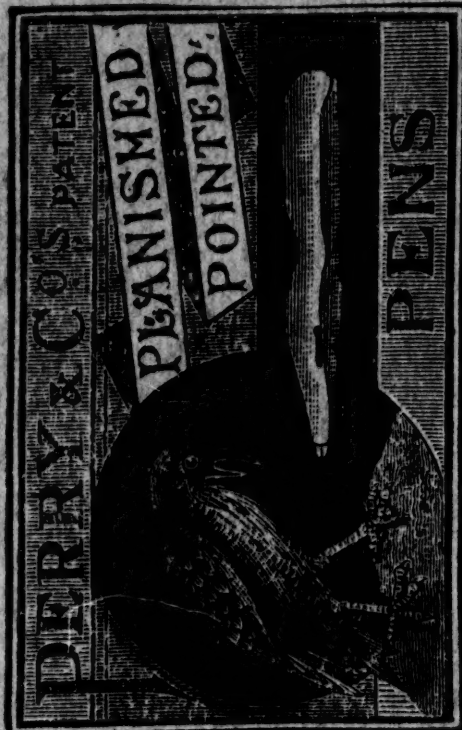
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